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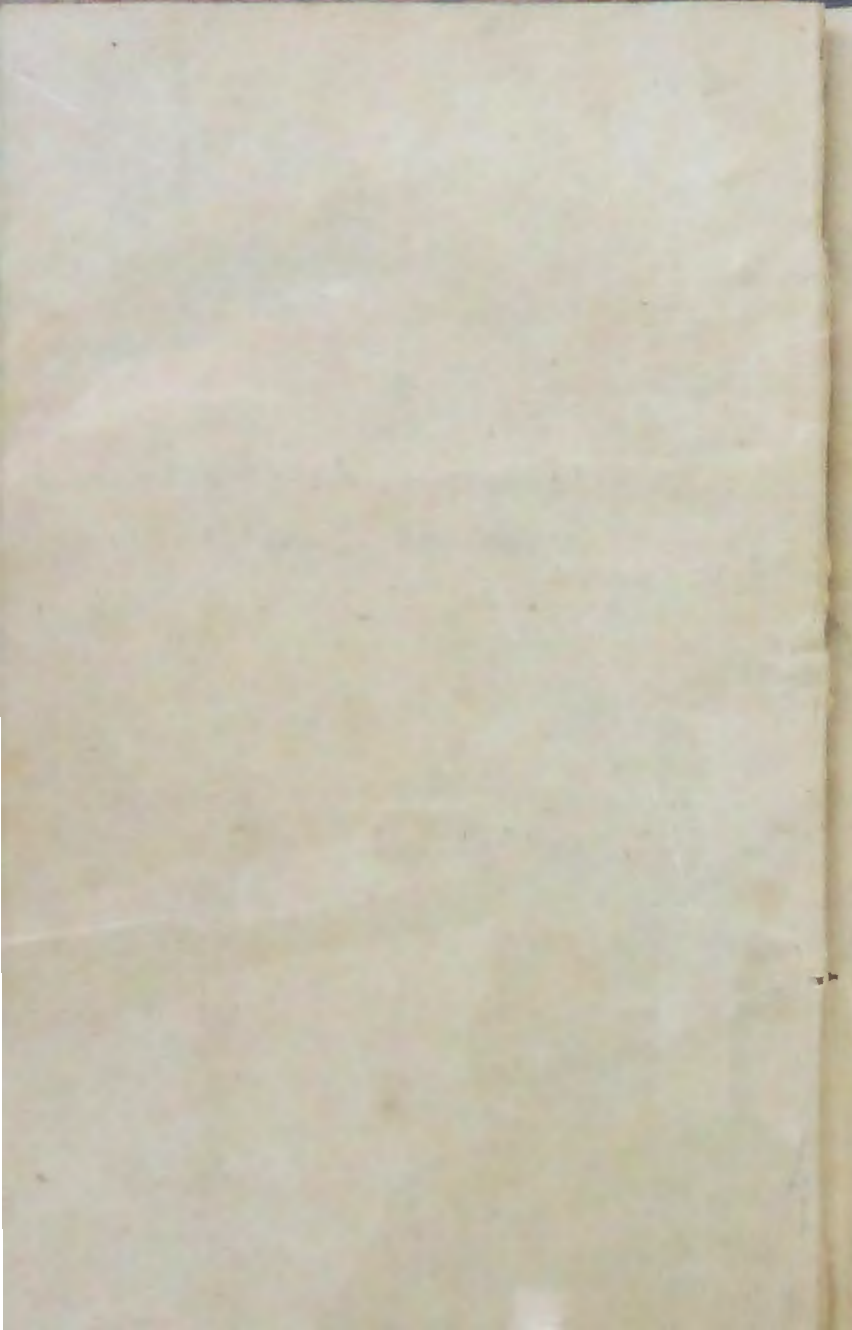
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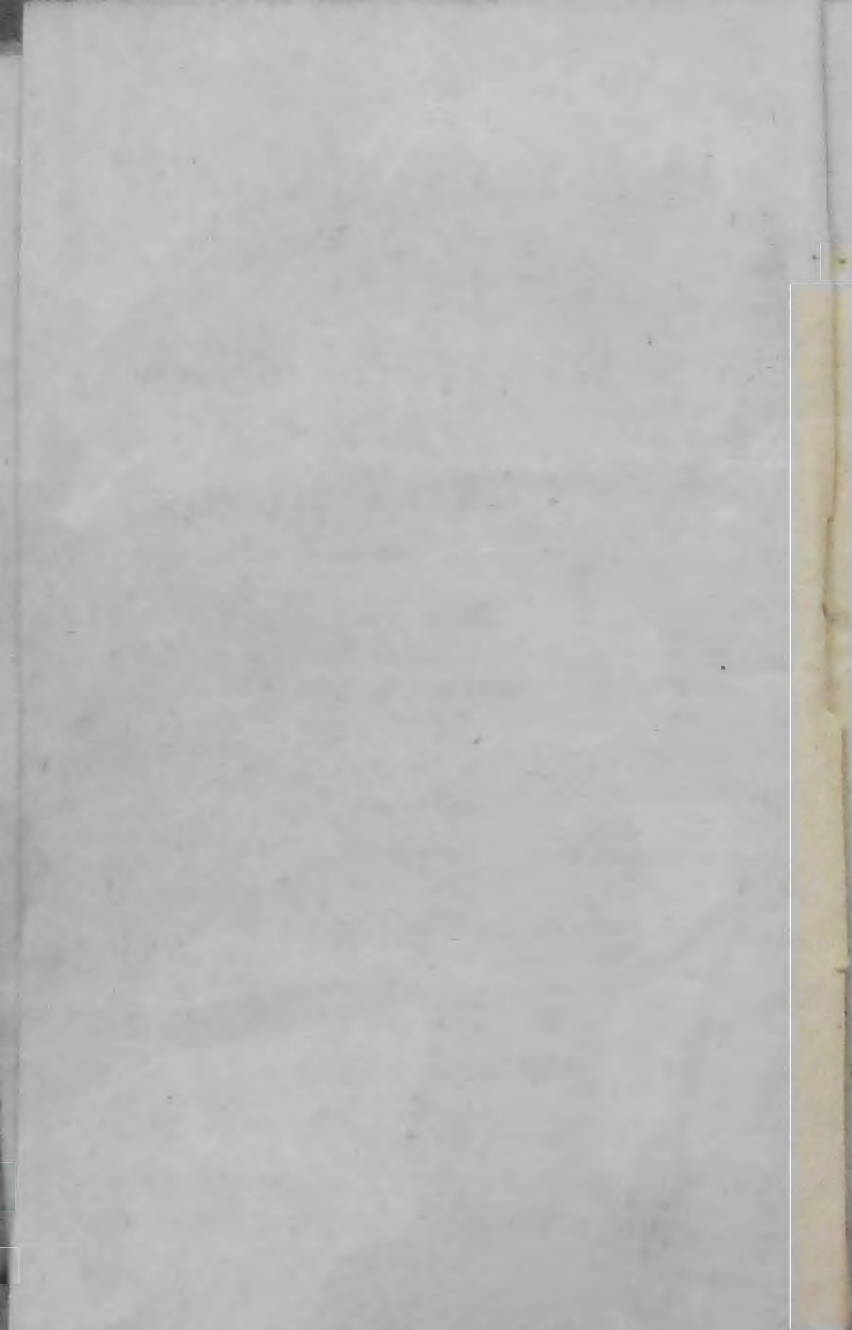


Sir Norman Moore Bequest  
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28854







# HIBERNIAN ECLOGUES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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By THOMAS ATKINSON.

---

- " Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
" Their homely joys and destiny obscure :  
" Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
" The short and simple annals of the poor."

Vide GRAY'S ELEGY.

- 
- " Now when the Negro freedom can acquire,  
" No more expell'd by traffic from his shore ;  
" Now when the Bastile yields to Gallic fire,  
" When Freedom bids the Belgic Lion roar :  
" Shall not my people claim aloud their right ?"—

Spoke by IERNE, Vide page 25.

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D U B L I N :

Printed for the AUTHOR, and sold for him at No.  
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## Advertisement.

AS several of the Subscribers to the following work have expressed a wish that their names should not be mentioned, the Author hopes his benevolent Patrons will excuse the insertion of a subscription list.

He however cannot avoid thus *particularly* acknowledging the goodness of Henry Ottiwell, Esq. and Mr. James Ferrall, Sales-master; the former of whom (with a liberality of spirit which reflects the highest honour upon his character as a private gentleman) took 50 books, and the latter 21.

The Author is extremely sorry that the work should be so deficient as it is—both with respect to *bulk*, and *quality of paper*; but, presumes to hope his melancholy situation will sufficiently apologize with the humanity of his Patrons and readers; particularly as the work was only intended to be productive of a *temporary* relief, till he came into possession of a small property which he is in hopes of receiving shortly.

---

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

The EARL of CHARLEMONT. &c. &c.

MY LORD,

AS the following Poems were chiefly penned on a subject which all Europe knows is peculiarly dear to you, viz. that of NATIONAL LIBERTY; I do not scruple presuming to fix upon your Lordship, as the most proper character among the illustrious of this country to whom I ought to dedicate my little work.

Humbly hoping that those trifling effusions of a juvenile pen, will in  
some

some degree merit your Lordship's attention; I therefore throw them at your feet, and if they should be favoured with your approbation, shall esteem myself honoured indeed.

That you may long remain the glory of Ireland, and a blessing to all around you: that you may live to see the sanguine wishes of an humble bard *realized*, in the *perfect* emancipation of your country, is the ardent prayer of, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and devoted humble servant,

THOMAS ATKINSON.

DUBLIN, APRIL 21, 1791.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

---

THE Author of the following Poems was born at Bishop Auckland in the County of Durham, March 28th, 1770. If *high* descent can bestow *real* dignity on any person whatever, he certainly has *some* right to lay claim to it; as his Grandmother's maiden name on his Father's side was Howard, she being a distant relation to the noble Duke of that name:—whilst his Grandmother on his Mother's side, whose maiden name was Bellasyse, was allied to the Earl of Fauconberg.

The Father of this unfortunate youth, (who was a Lieutenant in the army) dying when he was an infant; upon his arrival at a proper age his mother sent him to an excellent classic school at Kirby-hill, in the north of Yorkshire, where, under the auspices of The Rev. Messrs. Dixon and Hale, he first of all imbibed that passion for the muses which has ever actuated his soul in the most sensible manner.—Of that sweet village he ever speaks with extacy, and looks back with transport on the happy days when he wandered through its beautiful vicinity, and admired the charms of  
nature



nature with a Pope or a Thomson in his hand.—It was there that he penned numerous little effusions of fancy which he committed to the flames almost as soon as wrote; and in particular, when only about 12 years old made a bold attempt indeed at his age, and composed two Cantos of a Poem on the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus.

But alas this happy situation was not to last long!—our Bard was doomed to be expelled from the seats of innocence and peace, and what was more piercing from the cultivation of the classics. He had an Uncle who was of opinion that no sphere of life was so proper for youth to be placed in as that of business, and therefore unfortunately not paying proper attention to his nephew's turn of mind, he prevailed upon his parent to tear him from the society of Virgil and Milton to become acquainted with Galen and Hippocrates!—This his mother was the more ready to do, since having imbibed the principles of the Methodists, and afterwards those of the Quakers, she could not bear the idea of permitting her son to be a Clergyman in the established church, which profession she at first intended he should adopt.

Accordingly she bound him apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary in Newcastle; in which gay place he no longer “trod the pure virgin snows himself as pure,” but launching as it were into a new kind of existence, far different from that in  
which

which he had spent his earlier years, through inexperience he was led to deviate into the paths of folly by the example of a gay fellow apprentice; and being inadequate to carry on the business which he was placed in, whilst dispensing medicines, his mind was so totally taken up with Apollo and the nine, that he was frequently on the point of administering cathartics for emetics, and emetics for cathartics, thereby imminently endangering the safety of many that were committed to his care; till at last his master very justly growing out of all patience with his conduct, and he himself being heartily tired of the business, his indentures were restored to him, and a separation took place between them in the beginning of the year 1789.

From this period may be dated the commencement of poor Atkinson's calamities: and few are the youths that have experienced in a more piercing degree the buffets of misfortune!

Upon separating from his master he fled for shelter to his aged parent, who though she truly felt for his melancholy situation, had it not properly in her power to relieve him, since from motives which she esteemed religious, she had for some years back resigned a pension of 20*l.* per annum; (which government allows to the widows of Lieutenants,) and therefore had no other resource left except in the shattered remains of her fortune,

fortune, which she had placed in the hands of her brother above mentioned; but this small moiety, (being exasperated at Mrs. Atkinson's conduct for resigning her pension, and at her son for quitting his business,) he thought proper to lay claim to; (upon what grounds he knows best,) and to deprive both the unfortunate Mother and Son of almost their sole earthly provision.—Long steeped up to the very lips in poverty, they experienced all the bitterness of want, till at last through the assistance of a near relation, they were enabled to come over to Ire'land, in order to procure a small property which was bequeathed to our Author by his Father's Mother from which they hoped to experience relief.

Accordingly they landed at Dublin, but soon after their arrival found that the property in question could not be touched till he came of age!—Here again, in a strange place, they became involved in such a complicated scene of distress as our confined limits will not allow us to attempt describing.—The Poem entitled the Complaint (see page 41) will delineate it in some measure; suffice it to say, that struck with admiration at the brave independent spirit which the Irish have lately evinced in the cause of freedom; and smit with a *sympathetic* feeling for the sufferings of our wretched peasantry, he composed the following poems; and rather than forsake the muse which adhered to him in the vale of tribulation, refused to accept of an offer which

his

his Uncle made by letter of providing for him again in business upon condition of his going to London.

With respect to the following poems, it is to be hoped the Author's *juvenile* time of life will plead for mercy with the criticks.—Whatever may prove the public decision concerning them, no one can justly alledge they are wrote by a pen tinctured with *partiality*: since although the Author attacks the arbitrary conduct of the English, he is himself an ENGLISHMAN! and although he pleads for the oppressed Roman Catholics, he is a member of the ESTABLISHED CHURCH!

THE EDITOR,



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TO THE  
RIGHT HONBLE. AND HONBLE.  
THE MEMBERS OF THE  
ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

PATRONS of science! whose benignant smile,  
Bids Genius and the Arts adorn this isle,  
You, who Antiquity's past scenes revive,  
Whilst your researches bid such relicks live,  
As paint Rome's manners to the wond'ring view  
And the bright glories of proud Greece renew:  
You, who the long lost Druid's art restore,  
Who bid the Nine forsake each classic shore,  
To charm with verse divine Ierne's plains once  
more.

Ah! may the *humblest* of the muse's train,  
Guardians of worth, address you not in vain:  
A stranger by unfeeling fortune cross'd,  
By those he loves the best oppress'd the most,  
Courts in this isle the sweet Mænalaian strains,  
Singing the joys and sorrows of its swains.

Though *weak* his efforts,—Should you in them  
 find,  
 Aught which to soft-ey'd pity melts the mind,  
 Which bid's the soul with freedom's warmth glow;  
 And makes the patriot feel his Country's woe;  
 With haste arrest the *threat'ning* stroke of death,  
 And save a *youthful* Poet's fleeting breath.  
 So, if hereafter, worthier strains he sings,  
 Touching with *nobler* themes the hallow'd strings,  
 Your praise shall echo to the muse's lyre,  
 Whilst *heartfelt* gratitude his lays shall fire!

T. ATKINSON.

Dublin, Sept. 26, 1791.

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# HIBERNIAN ECLOGUES.

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## ECLOGUE I.

### CONNOR, OR THE PEASANT'S COMPLAINT.

TIME—MORNING.

SICILIAN lays awake my gentle muse,  
Nor let Ierne's isle her themes refuse.  
Sweet themes! which Pope hath tun'd with reed  
divine,  
Which Collin's fancy favour'd, taught to shine.  
Begin, soft muse—may glowing thoughts inspire  
Thy rural warblings, with descriptive fire!



IN Munster's province (when on zephyrs born,  
 With rosy smiles arose the balmy morn;  
 Unveiling purple prospect to the view,  
 Her steps advancing mark'd with silver dew)  
 Sad Connor, pensive, drove his fleecy care,  
 O'er pastures green, to crop their morning fare.  
 While dead to smiling scenes which joy impart,  
 The charms of morn delighted not his heart;  
 Tho' linets warbl'd thro' the leafy spray,  
 Tho' larks with louder music hail'd the day;  
 Tho' verdure smil'd beneath a pearly shower,  
 Tho' fragrance breath'd from every beauteous  
     flower:  
 Yet his sad soul cou'd give no trace to woe,  
 While thus in mournful mood he taught his grief  
     to flow.

“FAREWELL ye rural scenes that once could  
     please,  
 No more the seats of joy and smiling ease;  
 Mute be my pipe, and mute the vocal strain,  
 Which oft' hath made a wretched shepherd vain.  
 Now love itself my soul no longer charms,  
 No more I court fair Anna to my arms.  
 Adieu, ye sportive flocks, my pleasing care  
 No more with wanton bleatings fill the air;

Your

Your faithful swain for ever from you torn,  
 In distant climates now is doom'd to mourn.  
 For ah! no more (to sad despair a prey)  
 He means to spend in want the live-long day.  
 Farewell, my native land, alas! farewell,  
 Thy scenes no more my sorrows can dispel.

“ ILL-FATED land! unhappy native soil!  
 Gaunt penury rewards thy people's toil;  
 Chill want and dire oppression o'er thee sway,  
 Thy peace is fled, thy swains no more are gay.  
 No more in mazy dance they tread the green,  
 Whilst rueful grief in each sad look is seen.  
 The sable miser here, with greedy rage,  
 Tears from the wretched swain his scanty wage;  
 Despoils his flock, and lays his tillage waste,  
 To please his lust, or feed his pamper'd taste.  
 Justice no more exalts her equal scale,  
 But purple knaves o'er innocence prevail.  
 Farewell, my native land, alas, farewell!  
 Thy scenes no more my sorrows can dispel.

“ FAIR are thy waving fields of yellow corn,  
 Which still with golden pomp thy vales adorn;  
 Ah, what, alas, avails thy golden shew?  
 An harvest rich but serves to mock our woe.

To foreign climes thy corn is borne away,  
 While misers leave us here, to want, a prey;  
 For them, betimes, in flow'ry spring we sow,  
 For them the spoils of luscious Autumn flow;  
 To them belong alone the dear bought gain  
 Of pinching labour, poverty and pain.  
 Yet, tho' the peasant's toil supports their pride,  
 His abject state in mock'ry they deride.  
 Farewell, my native land, alas, farewell!  
 Thy scenes no more my sorrows can dispel.

“ Fearless the horrid pomp of war to face,  
 Thy sons, Ierne, are a dauntless race;  
 Eager in foreign climes the foe to brave,  
 Flows their best blood bright liberty to save;  
 But ah, they leave their native soil in vain,  
 Their offspring droop at home with want and  
 pain.

The wretched mother smit with woe severe,  
 Drops o'er her starving babe the piteous tear.  
 And while she views her hapless infant die,  
 Implores from Heav'n “ revenge,” with frantic  
 cry;

Then, in despair, dares death to give her peace,  
 And, wild with sorrow, wishes life to cease!

Farewell,



Farewell, my native land, alas, farewell !  
 Thy scenes no more my sorrows can dispel.

“ BUT peace, my soul—say what avails thy  
 woe,

Kind Heav’n, a lot more fair, can yet bestow ;  
 To some propitious climate let me fly,  
 Better abroad to live—than here to die.—  
 Some blessed land where freedom conquers pain,  
 Where useful peasants labour not in vain ;  
 There o’er sweet meads by verdure rend’red gay,  
 My bleating flocks in harmless mood shall play :  
 There shall they crop at ease their leafy food,  
 Nor more for purple tyrant’s shed their blood.  
 While unmolested in my rural cot,  
 Freedom shall crown with peace my happy lot.  
 Farewell, my native land, alas, farewell !  
 Thy scenes no more my sorrows can dispel.”

## E C L O G U E II.

PHELMIM AND DORAN, OR THE PANE-  
GYRIST.

TIME—NOON.

**T**HE fi'ry hours drew fultry noon along,  
 Ceas'd was the peasant's toil, the rural song;  
 When shelter'd safe from Sol's o'erpowering heat,  
 Phelim and Doran fix'd their cool retreat,  
 Where spreading trees in close disorder stood,  
 Enamour'd leaning o'er sweet Liffey's flood.  
 Here when refresh'd from toil by balmy rest,  
 Doran his fellow shepherd thus address'd.

“ PHELMIM since silence fills this leafy shade,  
 Most fit for strains of pleasant music made;  
 The cares of toil say shall we not forego,  
 And teach our souls in melody to flow?  
 See Liffey's silver waves in murmurs fall,  
 Seeming for tuneful notes of joy to call;

Then

Then haste, Oh Phelim, chaunt a vocal strain,  
My pipe, perchance, may join thee not in vain ;”

The shepherd said—his plea acceptance found,  
Whilst Phelim thus made hill and dale resound.

“ FLY far ye gales, my vocal strains convey,  
Let distant regions listen to my lay,  
To polar skies—to sultry climes belong  
The mighty theme that crowns my daring song.

“ BEHOLD a prince in future time shall reign,  
Stretching o’er utmost earth his vast domain,  
Sceptres of gorgeous Ind’ his hands shall wield,  
To him the sovereigns of the north shall yield ;  
For him great prince the chief of future kings,  
Hymen exulting spreads his purple wings.  
While by the loves in soft confusion led,  
A charming princess hastes to crown his bed ;  
For them gay zephyrs Flora’s flow’rets blow,  
Rich garlands on the nuptial couch to throw.  
Delightful time approach—bright fame arise  
Exalt his high renown with quickness to the skies  
Fly far ye gales, my vocal strains convey,  
Let distant regions listen to my lay.

“ YE sable sons of Afric mourn no more,  
His sway benignant shall your peace restore.

No

No children ravished from their parent's side,  
 No sun-burnt lover parted from his bride,  
 Shall more be doom'd as wretched slaves to roam,  
 For ever exil'd from their native home.  
 At his command, sweet freedom shall release  
 The bonds of woe—and bless your souls with  
 peace.

His fleets o'er foaming ocean shall preside,  
 Sail unmolested thro' the yielding tide ;  
 With streamers fluttering to the golden day,  
 No foe presumptuous shall oppose their way.  
 Safe shall they visit each Barbaric shore,  
 And groan beneath the weight of precious ore.  
 For them the spicy gales of Ind' shall blow,  
 For them rich gems in splendid mines shall glow.  
 Fly far, ye gales, my vocal strains convey,  
 Let distant regions listen to my lay.

“ THE southern isles that now uncultur'd lie,  
 In solitude beneath a gentle sky,  
 Shall by his people's aid new life assume,  
 And 'mid the sea, like little Edens, bloom.  
 From each deserted mount and barren vale,  
 With verdure smiling fragrance shall exhale.  
 To naked shrubs gay flow'rets shall succeed,  
 And paint, with vary'd hues, each laughing mead.  
 The



The naked Indian, with delight, shall spy  
 The rising sweets that meet his ravish'd eye ;  
 With grateful feelings, shall implore his God  
 To bless that king who gladden'd his abode ;  
 Then haste exulting to the cany grove,  
 And with his fable charmer, whisper love.  
 Fly far, ye gales, my vocal strains convey,  
 Let distant regions listen to my lay.

“ IN them blest days exalted to the skies,  
 O'er other lands Ierne's isle shall rise,  
 True to her prince, by loyal firmness prov'd,  
 Her daring sons shall be by him belov'd.  
 Then shall the rich productions of her soil,  
 From plenty's urn, reward the lab'rer's toil.  
 Her swains, content, no more shall quit their home,  
 Nor seek, with wand'ring feet, afar to roam.  
 Blest freedom (in whose cause they frequent bled)  
 Shall fill with joy each happy rural shed.  
 Then shall the name of TYTHES be heard no  
     more,  
 All pains from purple tyrants shall be o'er ;  
 Then pleasure shall the peasant's care beguile,  
 And while the prospects of his harvests smile,

( FO )

Gay mirth shall lead the jocund dance along,  
Each grove shall echo to the rural song.  
Fly far, ye gales, my vocal strains convey,  
Let distant regions listen to my lay."

Thus Phelim sung—while Sol's meridian blaze,  
Parch'd nature's beauties with refulgent rays.

ECLOGUE

## E C L O G U E III.

PATRICK AND DERMOT, OR THE  
EMIGRATORS.

TIME—EVENING.

'T WAS when mild Eve taught brighter day to  
fade,  
Involving prospect in her umber'd shade,  
Dermot to Patrick, thus in simple strain,  
Disclos'd the woes that rent his soul with pain.

DERMOT.

“Cease Patrick, cease to chaunt your lively lay,  
Nor longer with your pipe conclude the day.  
Alas, it ill beseems a wretched swain,  
Oppressed like you to raise a jocund strain.  
Our daily earnings basely from us torn,  
Times sad as these are hardly to be borne.

For

For me no joys my hapless bosom chear,  
While want and slavery in my sight appear."

PATRICK.

"DERMOT—too well I know my woeful state,  
But say can sorrow free me from my fate;  
Why should I quit my pipe for sad despair,  
Nor hope that better days we yet may share."

DERMOT.

"SAY witless swain, from whence proceeds your  
boast

Of good to come, when ev'ry hope is lost?  
Think on the grievous state we now endure,  
Ah dread what future sorrows o'er us lour.  
Last night when after toiling all the day,  
Spent with fatigue, homeward I bent my way;  
Hard fell the rain, aloud the tempest blew,  
As near my little mud-built cot I drew.  
But ah, when near I came, with what surprize  
No cot I saw, to bless my longing eyes.  
Wishful around I gaz'd, but all in vain,  
The more I gaz'd, the more increas'd my pain.  
For ah, my hut, which long had felt decay,  
The ruthless storm at last had swept away!

Where



Where is my wife—my babes—aloud I cry'd?  
 Alas! alike with home, are they deny'd.  
 Scarce had I said, when lo, I saw them wait,  
 Shiv'ring with cold, before the parson's gate.  
 The pamper'd miser drove them from the door,  
 Nor for his tithes shew'd pity on the poor.  
 What should we do? no home we could acquire,  
 No bread to eat—no chill dispelling fire.—  
 On the cold ground an heap of straw we spread,  
 And sought repose beneath a dropping shed,  
 Ah, Patrick, say—involv'd in woes like these,  
 Can hope or patience lull my soul to ease?

## PATRICK.

SUCH woes distress me, wretched swain, but  
 cease,  
 Time may restore you to the sweets of peace;  
 Nor banish hope—a friend may yet devise  
 The certain means by which new joys may rise,  
 And scenes of plenty charm our longing eyes.  
 Nor does soft hope attune my pipe in vain,  
 For freedom yet may animate its strain.

DERMOT.

Freedom! ah Patrick, seek not to beguile,  
Freedom with plenty long has left our isle;  
Then say—how should they on our sorrows smile.

PATRICK.

Then why since plenty quits our native soil,  
Since here no joy rewards the peasants toil;  
Since here the sons of Mammon fix their reign,  
Eager for lucre—since they render vain,  
The pang of nature and the cries of woe,  
Causing the peasant's grief apace to flow,  
Why should we not to distant regions fly,  
And reap delight beneath some kinder sky?  
Tho' to our souls Ierne's clime be dear,  
Tho' friends, tho' kindred, claim the parting tear,  
Yet, when no more the air we breathe is free,  
Where freedom is, there should our country be.

DERMOT.

SURE any life exceeds the living here!  
But say—to what new region would you steer?

PATRICK.

## PATRICK.

AN Dermot, let us fly to those sweet shores,  
 Where softer skies enripen nature's stores;  
 Where men disdain to bear oppressive laws,  
 Where Gallic lillies blush in freedom's cause;  
 A clime on which the sun delights to shine,  
 Blest with the olive, rich, the purple vine.  
 The thoughts of lovely France my bosom cheers,  
 And hope expels the force of slavish fears.  
 There we no more shall yield to rev'rend knaves,  
 For there the Irish are not view'd as slaves.  
 But there, blest Freedom shall be all our song,  
 Whilst joy shall lead our golden days along.  
 Cease Dermot, cease then, farther to complain  
 But tune with me in hope this joyful strain,  
 " By emigration, yet sweet freedom we may gain

## DERMOT.

PATRICK—the prospect charms my ravish'd  
 view,

Now Shanon's banks farewell, my native soil adieu!  
 Now will I tune with thee the vocal shell,  
 Now gentle hope my sorrows shall dispel;  
 And when we've gain'd a fit supply by toil,  
 For France, my Pat, we'll change this slavish soil.

PATRICK.

Come then with me this night my cabbín share,  
Come—with your wife, your babes and banish care.  
On plats of gentle straw you shall recline,  
On choice potatoes, salt and water dine,  
And let us beat with such—we yet may swim in  
wine!

## E C L O G U E IV.

CANNON AND DILLON, OR THE  
DESPAIRING SHEPHERDS.

TIME—NIGHT.

CHEQU'RING with silver rays the gloom of  
night,

The Moon majestic shed her gentle light ;

When sad beneath a sable shade reclin'd,

With love sick lays two shepherds charm'd the  
wind.

In mournful mood by turns they told their woes,  
Spending in grief the time of still repose.

First Cannon sung—his love with scorn repaid,  
Thus hope and sad despair his strains alternate  
sway'd.



“ Come lovely Norah, charm my ravish’d  
sight,

And add to former transports fresh delight ;

Disdainful fair—too beauteous in your face !

Ah why should scorn your beauteous looks dis-  
grace ?

No more in ringlets let me twine my hair,

No more sweet violets in my bosom wear ;

No more my form in each bright fountain view,

Since Norah scarce esteems it worth her view.

Yet yield not fair one to illusive arms,

But bless a faithful lover with your charms ;

Desirous flames still glow within my soul

And all my actions, all my thoughts, controul ;

With love I pine—love melts my soul away,

Come charming fair, this burning anguish stay ;

Soft spring renews with green the rural bow’rs,

And cloaths in blooming pomp the balmy flow’rs.

The sun bids winter’s ruffian storms to fly,

Melodious birds in nature’s music vie ;

Then haste and let us tread each verdant field,

To cull the sweets which Flora’s bounties yield ;

Come scornful nymph—no youth can offer more

Than the fair gifts I keep for you in store :

For you the Linnet prunes its golden wing,

The birds I rear for you in concert sing ;

But now their notes my soul no longer charm,

For ah, your frowns my joys of life disarm,

My.



My bees for you from rose to rose shall stray,  
 And each desert shall honied sweets display.  
 When autumn's riches feast the toiling swain,  
 What ripen'd fruits shall glow your taste to gain !  
 Few gardens can with mine in beauty vie  
 Blest by the favours of a southern sky :  
 My tender lambs that us'd to sport and play,  
 Fed by your hand no more—no more are gay.  
 But if your all reviving form appear,  
 Their sports again my pleasant meads shall chear ;  
 Your favour'd doves again shall playful coo,  
 And the proud turkey boast his splendid hue.—  
 But whither wanders my distracted brain ?  
 Unfeeling Norah glories in my pain :  
 And all my rural presents will disdain !

Some favour'd youth delighted with her charms,  
 She clasps enamour'd in her faithless arms ;  
 While left a prey to cruel pangs of love,  
 With strains of sad despair I fill the grove.  
 Ah cease, ill-fated Cannon—cease to mourn,  
 Hopeless for love that never will return !  
 Farewell false Norah—since your faithful swain,  
 Finds all attempts to melt your heart in vain ;  
 Farewell—to yonder rock that meets the sky  
 With frantic haste will wretched Cannon fly,  
Plunge

Plunge in the flood that deep beneath it flows  
 And put a fatal period to his woes.—  
 'Then cease my muse!'—with heart-felt anguish  
     sung,  
 Such lays as those dejected Cannon sung.

BUT far more sad were wretched Dillon's  
     pains,  
 Soothing the silent night with mournful strains.

"COME Muse, (he cried) in plaintive mood re-  
     found,  
 The woes which Dillon's soul with anguish  
     wound;  
 On Ellin's sacred grave sad dirges breathe,  
 While soft I deck it with a sable wreath.  
 Ah lovely nymph, and are your beauties fled,  
 Say are you mingled with the pallid dead;  
 Tho' nipt so soon your bloom of life is past,  
 Still shall my love to you unfading last.  
 Still shall your shade my pensive sorrows know,  
 Still shall your manes listen to my woe.  
 And oft as now while Cynthia's silver horn,  
 Glides thro' the clouds, I'll kiss your grave forlorn.  
 My promis'd bride!—and has malignant death,  
 Suck'd the sweet perfume of your vi'let breath?  
 Alas! that he should dare our love to scorn,  
 To mock the transports of our nuptial morn!

Was

Was it for him all shepherds call'd you fair ?  
 For him with roseate wreaths I deck'd your hair }  
 Did nymphs for him your bridal drefs prepare ? }

Ah did the blooming rose and lilly vie.  
 Refulgent on your cheeks for him to die ?  
 Oh torture—torture—let me call to mind  
 'That fatal morn when to the future blind.  
 Joyful I led you thro' the crowded way,  
 Blushing with sweetness like the rising day ;  
 'The brightest gems that southern mines cou'd  
 prize,

Vied not in lustre with your dazzling eyes ;  
 Love smil'd among your dimples, aim'd his darts,  
 From your sweet looks to pierce the coldest hearts.  
 But then your shape majestic and divine,  
 Each gazing shepherd envied you were mine !  
 Yet when my heart beat high to love's alarms  
 When close I prest you in my fervent arms.  
 Cold—sunk your beauties from my fond embrace ;  
 While sudden death made pale your lovely face :  
 My love—my Dillon—breathing flow you cry'd  
 Then gently bow'd your lovely head and dy'd.—  
 Oh what a scene was this—and do I live,  
 Does wretched Dillon such a fate survive ?  
 From the dear charmer of his fancy torn,  
 'The joys of life are now become his scorn.

With

With grief I fade, with hidden anguish pine,  
 Soon shall my corse, sweet Ellin, sleep by thine;  
 Then every rural nymph and swain shall say,  
 As chance by this ill-fated grave they stray,  
 " Beneath this turf, interr'd, lies side by side,  
 A faithful shepherd with his charming bride!"—

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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## IERNE, A POEM.

**D**EJECTED on a naked rock reclin'd,  
 Whose hoary head o'er hung the toiling main;  
 Ierne mourning at the Fates unkind,  
 Gave all her soul a prey to grief and pain.  
 Ceas'd was the music of her silver lyre,  
 No longer by her lovely fingers strung;  
 No longer tun'd with rapture swelling fire,  
 Upon a drooping willow mute it hung.  
 Her golden tresses discompos'd, lay waste,  
 Sorrow the lustre of her looks depress'd;  
 The sable cypress on her brow was plac'd;  
 Torn was the texture of her azure vest.

Near



Near her the duteous partners of her woes,

Her children frequent dropt the pensive tear ;  
Or oft to lull her anguish to repose ;

They fought with better hopes her soul to chear.

The gallant Ulster near her feet was plac'd,

With down cast looks—while from his lofty head,  
He tore the laurels of the Boyne in haste,

Since freedom dearly reap'd with them was fled.  
Ill-fated Munster sad behind her stood,

Nor could his heart the piteous sigh disown ;  
Muttering he mourn'd, his children robb'd of food,  
And curs'd the tyrants of the sable gown.

Indignant Connaught striking hard his breast,

Near her left hand seem'd inwardly to mourn ;  
For those blest days when Irishmen possess

Of freedom—held soft luxury in scorn.

But Leinster, English polish'd, could beguile

The pangs which rent his soul with better art ;  
Near to her right insidious with a smile,

He strove to soothe the sorrows of her heart ;  
But every soft persuasion proved in vain,

For nought could charm divine Ierne's woe ;  
Till thus she free'd her soul a while from pain,

Teaching her swelling grief in words to flow :

“ Ah

- “ Ah cease my son, the lovely mourner cry’d,  
 “ Cease to divert my soul of joy bereft ;  
 “ For ah, my lovely island once my pride,  
 “ Is basely now by her own people left.  
 “ No more her swains regard their native soil,  
 “ To other regions distant far they fly ;  
 “ Freedom to reap for other Lords they toil,  
 “ For them they plough, for them in battle  
   die.  
 “ But ah ! why should I seek their stay at home,  
 “ Since has not Liberty my isle forfook ?  
 “ Is it not fit my son’s afar should roam ?  
 “ More fit they should than here oppression  
   brook ;  
 “ For from another isle a numerous band,  
 “ Of foreign locusts in religious dress ;  
 “ Despoil the goodness of my lovely land,  
 “ And mock my peasants when they crave re-  
   dress.  
 “ What boots it that my elder sister’s pride,  
 “ Should to my view the finer arts display ;  
 “ Say what is taste if freedom be deny’d,  
 “ Or what is life itself if tyrants sway ?  
 “ Now when the Negroe freedom can acquire,  
 “ No more expell’d by traffic from his shore ;

D

“ Now

- " Now when the Bastile yields to Gallic fire,  
 " When freedom bids the Belgic Lion roar,  
 " Shall not my people claim aloud their right,  
 " And bid religious liberty to rise ?  
 " Religion should not yield to human might,  
 " Since free at first she blest us from the skies.  
 " Till that be granted will Ierne mourn,  
 " For that alone can free her poor oppress :  
 " When that is granted then her joys return,  
 " For that alone can lull her cares to rest.  
 " Then shall my people love their native isle,  
 " Within it party strife no more shall rage ;  
 " The cherub Peace shall on the region smile,  
 " And joyful plenty give a golden age.  
 " Then shall my Catholics have equal claim,  
 " To those high places others now acquire ;  
 " Then shall my isle attain its prestine fame,  
 " And like a Phenix rise renewed from fire ! "

# ODE IN PRAISE OF THE BRITISH POETS.

IMMORTAL spirits of the shell divine,  
 Whither ye wander in the Elysian grove,  
 Or glad attendants on the heav'nly nine,  
 By sacred Helicon delight to rove.  
 Ye parent bards of British verse—all hail!  
 Oh! may my eager muse not wholly fail,  
 To sing your praises whilst she dares aspire,  
 Soaring aloft to tune the Theban lyre;  
 Oh whilst she tries to stem ætherial height,  
 On trembling pinions guide her daring flight.

## I. SPENSER.

What sounds melodious charm my ravish'd ear,  
 “ Now soft, now loud unto the winds they  
 call:  
 Breathing o'er fairy scenes delightful near,  
 On painted meads, enchanted groves, they fall.  
 But



But lo, how chang'd the scenes of sweet delight,  
 Dire spectres terrify the astonish'd sight :  
 See warrior Knights in burnish'd arms array'd ;  
 Start dreadful gleaming from the leafy shade,  
 Furious each ghastly phantom to engage,  
 Treason, despair, revenge and frantic rage !

## 2 SHAKESPEARE.

Hail nature's child !—sweet bard of Avon hail !

Come solemn Tragedy in sable plight ;  
 With tresses streaming to the floating gale,

Come jocund Thalia join the sacred rite.  
 To deck his hallowed shrine, oh haste and bring,  
 Fair bays from Helicon's immortal spring :  
 My Muse—bright fancy lo before thine eyes,  
 Causes his own lov'd offspring to arise.

See Nature smile upon her frantic Lear,  
 There Hamlet raves—the fair Ophelia here :  
 View conscience tort'ring Richard's inmost soul,  
 See dire despair in Romeo's eye-balls roll,  
 Astonish'd I survey !—divinest bard,  
 May fame with endless meeds thy works sublime  
 reward.

## 3. MILTON.

Beyond the sacred bounds of time and space,

Say might the ventrous muse explore her flight ;

Or



Or solitary think a path to trace,  
 Thro' the dark realms of chaos and old night.  
 Yes—by the bard of Eden led the sound,  
 Of verse divine could charm the deep profound,  
 Or rais'd aloft beyond this nether sky,  
 Could join the bright angelic choir on high:  
 Where veil'd in glory on his azure throne,  
 The Lord of nature reigns unbounded and alone.

## 4. DRYDEN.

Rehearse, Æolian lyre, the praise rehearse,  
 Of him who made the Mantuan bard our own;  
 Sweet modulator of the British verse,  
 Whose flowing lays the Nine with glory  
     crown.  
 Whither the classic bards with lustre shine,  
 Or satire teaches in thy works divine,  
 Whither Timotheus rapt attunes the lyre,  
 Charming the soul with more than mortal fire;  
 Still does thy verse oh Dryden, clear and stron  
 Bear with its force sublime the ravish'd sense  
     a'eng.

## 5. POPE.

WHAT bard majestic following near I see,  
 Charming the floating air with silver sound;  
     While

While to his pastoral reed's sweet melody,  
 The woods, the hills, and bubbling streams re-  
 sound.

Despairing Sappho near him chaunts her moan,  
 And Elqisa answers groan for groan :  
 But hark!—what sounds my trembling soul af-  
 fright,

And chase the pleasing landscape from my sight ?  
 What spirit wafts me where the Grecian pow'r's  
 In dread array, besiege proud Ilium's tow'rs ?  
 Pope's genius leads me to the empurpl'd ground,  
 Where madning clangors ev'ry sense confound :  
 I hear—the deaf'ning shrieks of wild despair,  
 While horrid furies hiss—and Gods contend in  
 air!

#### 6. YOUNG.

Oh let me twine with cypress wreath my lyre,  
 And oft when Night hath Nature wrapt in sleep;  
 Let Young my muse mid dreary tombs inspire,  
 At the mad follies of mankind to weep.  
 Taught by his sad complaint no more I dread,  
 The grave but joyful muse among the dead,  
 And while Lorenzo's follies I despise,  
 Learn wisdom from the maxims of the wise ;  
 Expecting

Expecting in belief that solemn hour,  
When death in glory lost, resigns his stated  
pow'r.

## 7. THOMSON.

BUT who amid the nine inspired throng,  
With lays descriptive touch'd his gentle lyre;  
Taught the sweet Seasons to enrich his song,  
And painted Nature's scenes with varied fire?  
For Thomson—Spring taught stormy winds to  
yield,  
Repelling Winter with her verdant shield.  
For him the sun in close embrace could fold,  
Bright Summer's charms and cloathe her robe in  
gold;  
For him rich Autumn bade her fruits to glow,  
And hoary Winter clad the earth in silver snow.

## 8. GRAY.

Nor leave my muse, that poet bright unsung,  
Who snatching fancy from the young ey'd  
morn;  
His living cords with art unequall'd strung,  
Soaring aloft on Pindar's eagle borne.

In

In freeborn confidence despising pain,  
 I hear his bard tyrannic might disdain :  
 Despair and wrath with varied force controul,  
 The burning anguish of his mighty soul :  
 I see him spurn with scorn the clifted height,  
 Sealing his woes in everlasting night !——  
 Yet not alone his odes shall charm my Muse,  
 Oft with the eve her footsteps meek shall chuse,  
 By sweet elegiac contemplation led,  
 With Gray mid RUSTIC GRAVES in pensive  
     mood to tread.

## ELEGY.

On the death of a little boy, seven years of age,  
 who fell a victim to the cruelty of Channel-  
 Row Myrmidons—Thursday March 18th.  
 1790.

"Manibus date lilia plenis,

"His saltem accumulem donis et fungar igni,

"Munere"—————

VIRGIL.

WHAT palid phantom stealing on my sight,  
 Seems in the air its little hand to wave;  
 While sad lamenting thro' the gloom of night,  
 It bids me haste to yonder tufted grave?  
 Ah, gentle ghost, I follow thee, but say,  
 Can echo thus thy plaintive notes return;  
 Parted so soon in life from mortal clay,  
 Ill it befits a shade like thine to mourn?  
 Thy tender soul by cherubs borne away,  
 Hath surely visited that blest abode,

Where



Where innocents rejoice in endless day,  
 And taste immortal bliss before their God.  
 Ah gentle shade!—I listen to thy moan,  
 And didst thou fall so young, in freedom's  
 cause?

And hast thou left a while an heavn'ly throne,  
 To bid my muse thy noble death applause.  
 Ill-fated wretch!—that nipt thy early bloom!  
 That rob'd a little Gracchus of his breath;  
 Time shall his conscious soul to sorrow doom,  
 Or justice seal his shorten'd days in death.

For ah, the tyrant rob'd us of a life,  
 Which ripen'd—freedom might have counted  
 dear;

Which still with slav'ry, might have been at strife,  
 And sav'd Ierne oft a pensive tear.

Perchance to suffer for his country's good,  
 Some Irish Hampden had in thee arose,  
 Some future Grattan in the senate stood,  
 Charging corruption with his country's woes,  
 Poor little patriot!—what avails the tear,

That pity's vot'ries or the muse can shed;  
 Thy corse like others cold—lies buried here  
 But few so young, for liberty have bled.

The great man's child may boast a richer shrine,  
 Thine shall not yield to his in true renown;

Thy

Thy grave by Freedom is esteem'd divine,  
 And nature's choicest gifts the tuft shall crown.  
 There the first produce of the spring shall bloom,  
 The spotless snow-drop raise its drooping head;  
 Sweet vi'lets charm the air with soft perfume,  
 Fair daisies all around their beauties spread.  
 And oft when fable eve hath nature veil'd,  
 Freedom in whispers from thy grave shall tell;  
 How tyrants o'er thy free huzza's\* prevail'd,  
 How brave thy little life for freedom fell.

\* *The above elegy, was founded on the following paragraph, inserted in Griffith's Phenix—Dublin March 19th. 1790.*

“ Yesterday evening, the Channel-row squad  
 “ being out on their usual perambulations, attended  
 “ with the black cart to seize on vagrants, they  
 “ unluckily perceived a poor blind girl, who has  
 “ hitherto innocently acqui’rd subsistence, by playing  
 “ on a fiddle, whom with some difficulty they forced  
 “ away to their repository, accompanied by a crowd  
 “ of children. On stopping their cart to deliver up  
 “ their prey, they were tauntingly saluted with  
 “ huzzaing—when one of those villains without  
 “ further provocation, levelled his musket at the  
 “ innocent little group, and actually shot a boy  
 “ about seven years old through the forehead.”

A N

## . E P I S T L E,

READY PENNED

FOR A LITTLE MARQUIS,

TO A GREAT EARL.

“ *Hei mihi qualis erat,*“ *Quantum mutatus ab illo !*”VIRGIL. *ÆN.* 2d.

FROM where at St—we your quondam friend  
remains,

Tortur'd severe, with limb disjointing pains;  
Receive those lines and from my present state,  
Learn to avoid in time a wretched fate.  
Once like yourself by servile crouds ador'd,  
While place and pension waited on my word;  
How soft the flat'rer could his praise bestow,  
What acclamations on my worth would flow !  
Now mark the difference—abject and forlorn !  
From ev'ry glimpse of earthly honour torn,

No

No courtly train within my gates appear,  
 Poor abdicated B—k—g—m to cheer.  
 And whilst I languish on the verge of death,  
 None ask— Pray does the Marquis draw his  
 breath ?

Then shudder at the woes I now endure,  
 And learn from me to make your peace secure.  
 Curs'd be the day I cross'd the fable main,  
 Ill-fated—rough Ierne's shores to gain ;  
 Accurs'd the time when by a stripling sway'd  
 His selfish arts my abject soul betray'd ;  
 When stern I sought to give a people laws,  
 Whose noble hearts beat high in freedom's cause !  
 Bold in her prince's and her people's right,  
 Ierne would not brook tyrannic might ;  
 Ah then why did I seek her sons to tame,  
 Why—but to make myself the sport of shame ;  
 To heap confusion on my every boast,  
 While brave she spurn'd me from her sea girt  
 coast.

PERHAPS my friend from partial English  
 rules,  
 You think all Irishmen befotted fools ;  
 For slavish ministers submissive tools ?  
 Think not so long—or sad will be your fate,  
 I thought so once—you know my present state !



A true born Irishman regards his bowl,  
 But drinks to cherish, not debate his soul,  
 And whilst he doats on freedom hates controul;  
 To strangers hospitable and humane,  
 The wretched seldom court his aid in vain.  
 Still first in war the battle's heat to brave,  
 He seeks no coward art his life to save;  
 In toil and danger patient to the end,  
 A fervent lover—and a faithful friend.  
 This is his character—my friend be wise,  
 Learn high the value of such worth to prize;  
 And since you dare to rule o'er such as these,  
 Careful attend their ev'ry wish to please,  
 For if like me you sway with haughty pride,  
 Take it for granted, all your joys subside.  
 But chiefly satisfaction will be vain,  
 If to your side the press you cannot gain;  
 From thence the prickly thorns of satire shoot,  
 Still sure to check your ev'ry wish'd pursuit;  
 For printers with the eyes of Argus stare,  
 And catch a vicer—y tripping e're aware.  
 Be cautious then, the only way to rise  
 In their esteem is to be truly wise;  
 To drop those slavish ends I kept in view,  
 And other maxims, other arts pursue;

Invite



Invite the princely Leinst—r to your board,  
 'To noble Charlem—t your grace accord—  
 Ha conscience!—conscience!—let me drop my  
 pen,

Did I not injure base those best of men?  
 Not those, but many more!—my noble friend,  
 Where will my sufferings—where my sorrow end?

LAST night—when sleep short respite gave to  
 pain,

(Which oft I languish ardent for in vain;)  
 Sudden me thought before my fear struck eyes,  
 The form of injur'd Massey seem'd to rise.  
 Near as he drew aside his vest he tore,  
 And shew'd the wounds he for his country bore;  
 With wrath his throbbing bosom seem'd to rise,  
 Indignant fire he darted from his eyes.

“ Ungen'rous fate (I heard him thus complain,)”

“ And does no sweet revenge for me remain?”

“ Are thus my noble acts in war repaid?”

“ Do then the laurels from my temples fade,

“ While mild my soul in battle taught to glow,

“ Bears tame the insults of an haughty foe?”

“ Turn Marq—s turn to my vindictive arm,

“ Nor think my indignation to disarm!”

He said—and instant to my frightened view,  
 Fierce from his side a shining sword he drew !—  
 Wak'd by the anger of the warlike man,  
 Chill thro' my veins the vital fluid ran.  
 Thus am I made to constant woes a prey,  
 Conscience and pain torment me night and day;  
 Farewell my Lord—take warning from my fate,  
 Nor feel the pangs of penitence too late !

THE

## COMPLAINT.

A POEM.

“ Happy the man who void of care and strife,  
 “ In si ken or in leathern purse retains,  
 “ A splendid shilling.”

PHILLIPS..

SMT by the chill, the ruthless force of want,  
 My melancholy muse dejected seeks,  
 To paint the sorrows of her pensive bard;  
 Not singing now (as frequent she was wont)  
 Ierne's woes beneath the Phenix wings:  
 She stoops alas, compell'd to tell her own!  
 Oh ye that taste the richest joys of life,  
 Basking, in pleasure undisturb'd by pain,  
 Attend, and think what sorrows are the doom.  
 Of him who forfeits Mammon for the muse!

WHEN lightsome morn first rears her che-  
quer'd head,

I rise and from my tott'ring couch descend;  
Then dress myself in cloaths—(my only cloaths)  
Of sable hue—fit colour for a bard!  
Then quick I walk throughout my garret vile,  
Striving by action to avoid that cold,  
Which pinches hard unconquer'd by a fire,  
For, ah, no fire my sad estate affords!  
Sometimes at morn I thro' my window peep,  
And longing gaze at butter'd roll or cake;  
Or smoking tea-kettle by servant brought,  
For neighbours breakfast, preparation meet.  
Alas! in vain I gaze—the pleasing sight  
But serves my longing hunger to encrease;  
For, ah my state no breakfast can afford!  
Yet not alone in body doom'd to fast,  
I feel worse hunger in my tortur'd mind,  
When eager to peruse some wish'd for book,  
I wander thro' Eblana's streets in vain,  
And gain from each low keeper of a stall,  
An heavy curse for daring but to peep  
Within the foldings of her dirty books!  
Not worse was Socrates assail'd by her,  
Ill nam'd his wife, Xantippe, termagant,  
Who oft with three leg'd stool or slipper heel,

Or beiny vessel broke his hapless head,  
 Dejected at my home arriv'd, with pen  
 (Blacker than glossy plumage of the crow  
 Or foot which still begins the howling sweep.)  
 I write—and try to cheer my pensive soul,  
 With composition by the muse inspir'd.  
 Sometimes for freedom I assume my lays,  
 And taught by sorrow plead the peasant's cause;  
 'The wretched peasant! who partakes the cup  
 Of rueful want and wretchedness with me!

At last the only meal I taste thro' day  
 My scanty dinner comes by lawful sort,  
 Which with avidity soon swallow'd down,  
 Preserves from starving quite my drooping soul.  
 Wretched resource!—from eve till eve again  
 Compell'd to fast—my strength impairs apace.  
 May no-one taste the woes that I endure,  
 Or feel like me the pangs which hunger gives!  
 Yet let me pine—let life itself dissolve,  
 Still will I love the muse—my sacred ground,  
 'That blunts the point of care and hush my woes.  
 Fair are the riches of Potof's mines,  
 Bright are the gems of Afric' and of Ind',  
 Beauteous the nymphs that crown Ionia's isle,  
 Fragrant the gales that fan Atlantic shores,

Brooding



Brooding o'er spicy groves of sweet perfume :  
 But not the wealth which gold or gems can give,  
 The beauties of Ierne's daughters fair,  
 Nor all the spices of the western isles,  
 Possess, could charm my soul without the MUSE !

S T A N Z A S.

ADDRESS'D TO THOSE

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMEN.

Who relieved the Author's immediate wants.

SAY muse what cherub on the wings of peace,  
Descends enrob'd in white from yonder cloud?  
Bidding in smiles my sad complaint to cease,  
Dire hunger's pangs she hastens to conclude.  
See from the urn of pity she bestows,  
A timely aid to check my wants severe;  
Ah now I find who bids my grief repose,  
'Tis heav'n born Charity to Virtue dear!  
Friend

Friend of mankind—parent of gen'rous joy,  
 And did thy votaries save my fleeting breath?  
 Ah did the virtuous kindly aid employ,  
 To shield me from the ruthless stroke of  
 death?

Perhaps ere this by famine sore oppress'd,  
 Cold in the grave had slept my lifeless head;  
 Whilst in the mansions of eternal rest,  
 Death o'er my corse his raven wings had  
 spread.

But in Ierne's hospitable isle,  
 'Twere wrong to think that such could be my  
 lot;

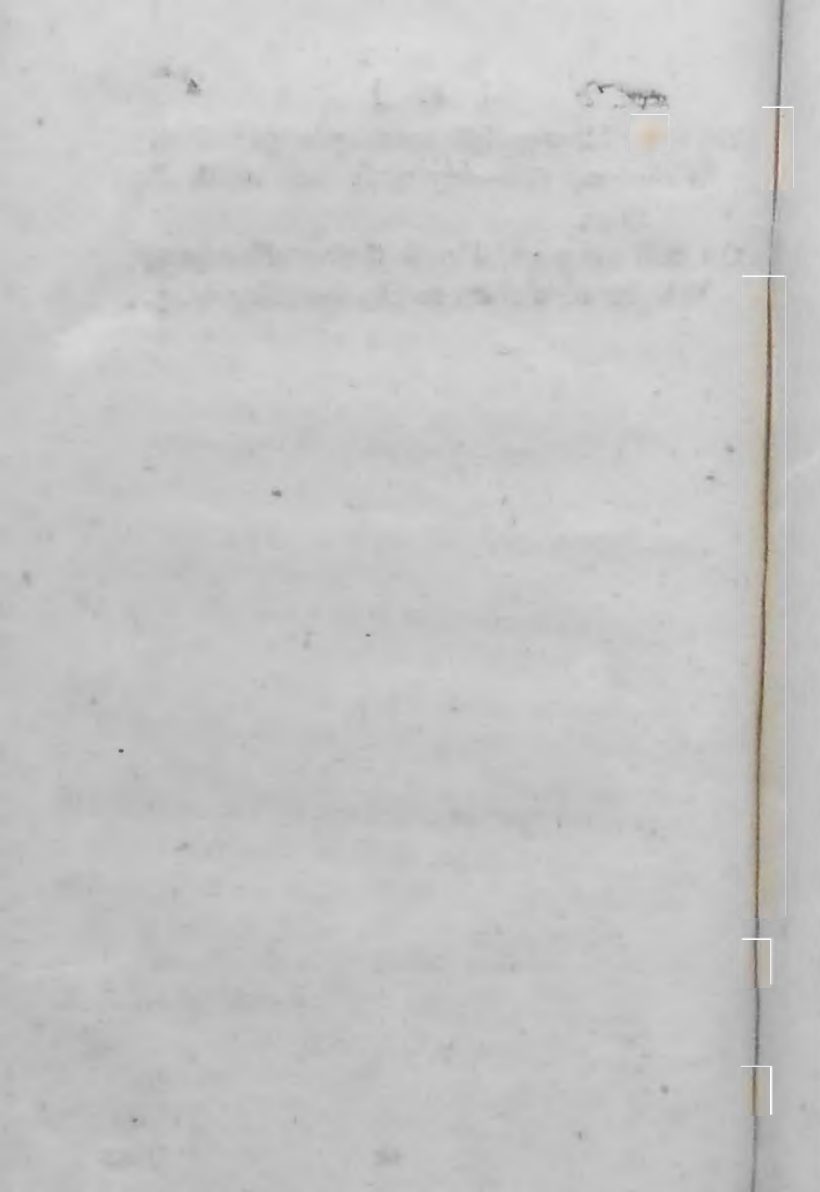
For brooding o'er it with continual smile,  
 This land is ne'er by charity forgot.  
 Say gen'rous Griffith (whose benignant heart,  
 Beats in the cause of freedom—melts for  
 woe?

Still first to take the wretched peasant's part,  
 To cause his loaf to swell his joy to flow,)   
 Say by what method shall my soul return,  
 Fit thanks for what my friends unknown be-  
 stow?

With gen'rous sense my grateful feelings burn,  
 But burn in vain to pay the debt I owe.

Yet

Yet while I live—while memory keeps its feat,  
Within my soul—my muse their worth shall  
sing;  
Oft shall her grateful verse their praise repeat,  
Who hinder'd death to clip her rising wing.





THE  
P L E A S U R E S  
O F  
P O E T I C A L M E L A N C H O L Y.

---

“ These pleasures melancholy give,  
“ And I with thee will chuse to live.”

MILTON'S 14<sup>TH</sup> “*INFERNO*.”

SAD goddess of the plaintive sigh,  
Array'd in robe of sable dye,  
Come Melancholy—queen of woe!  
Whose pearly eyes with sorrow flow,

F

Oh

Oh come!—with stedfast awful mien,  
 From vulgar joys—me goddess's screen;  
 Within my soul thy spirit breathe,  
 And crown my brow with cypress wreath.

Oh might thy magic ebon wand  
 Transport me to some gloomy land;  
 Some scene—like that which poets feign,  
 Subject to Pluto's dark domain;  
 Where Styx with hoarse resounding waves,  
 Her dusky shore nocturnal laves;  
 There might my startl'd eyes behold  
 Array'd in rags that boatman old\*  
 Of aspect grim—and fullen pride,  
 Who long hath stem'd the stygian tide;  
 His shatter'd bark thro' length of years,  
 With creaking din affrights my ears!  
 I land!—I see the palid shades  
 Fleeting thro' the sable glades!  
 Each tells in mournful mood his tale,  
 What horrors deep my soul assail!

Goddeſs, again thy wand extend,  
 Oh let this ſcene of terror end;

\* *Charon. See Virgil, Æneid VI.*

Oh let me leave the shades of death,  
 Transport my fancy from beneath;  
 Bear me to some sequester'd place,  
 For ever hid from human race;  
 Some isle that Orellana† laves,  
 With lonesome unfrequented waves;  
 Where silence reigns with solitude,  
 Enwrapt in sylvan forest rude;  
 There might my steps romantic rove,  
 Thro' each embow'ring scented grove;  
 There Melancholy you might chuse,  
 With me to sit and sadly muse.

Yet not in distant climes alone,  
 Oh goddess, fix thy pensive throne;  
 Beneath Ierne's gentle skies,  
 Where wrapt in moulder'd ruin lies  
 Some desolated abbey drear,  
 Oft' let me by thy side appear;  
 There might I view the bird of night,  
 Harsh screaming urge her lonely flight;  
 There would I trace the hand of time,  
 Defacing rude each Gothic rhyme;

† Orellana is a large river in South America,  
 many branches of which have not as yet been in the  
 least discovered.

That printed on some antient stone,  
 With ivy thick was overgrown ;  
 And while I view'd the moss-clad pile,  
 In scorn at human pomp I'd smile.

Oh when bright morn bepaints the skies  
 When Phœbus's glaring beams arise,  
 Then goddess shew some cell remote,  
 Far from bus'ness, free for thought ;  
 Where by mild contemplation taught,  
 My soul with sacred wisdom fraught,  
 May think on man's degen'rate ways,  
 And muse how swift his life decays ;  
 How some in search of pleasure rove,  
 The joys of wine and lawless love ;  
 While others with unceasing toil,  
 In busy cares their time embroil ;  
 Till death with sure destructive sway,  
 Sweeps their mad delights away ;  
 Then spurning, crowns as babbling things,  
 My muse should mock the pride of kings ;  
 Sing of a new life after this,  
 And glow with hope of endless bliss ;  
 While tun'd to thee the cypress lyre,  
 Immortal joys her strain should fire.

But

But Oh, sad nymph—let dewy eve,  
 My contemplative steps receive;  
 Frequent beneath her gentle reign,  
 Mid' sable tombs my muse complain;  
 Pensive to dreary church-yards go,  
 And range the haunts of deathful woe;  
 Where sad—with slow repeated knell,  
 Still solemn heaves the passing bell;  
 That oft' from Gothic steeple high,  
 Bids mortal man prepare to die;  
 There wrapt in thought, while soft I tread  
 O'er the dark lodgings of the dead;  
 My soul shall wish (since nought can save  
 Her body from the yawning grave,)  
 In peace, *one humble bard*, may rest,  
 And rise to glory with the blest!

Thus silent eve oft' see me muse,  
 But when the sable night ensues;  
 Remote in some sequester'd room,  
 Where midnight lamp dispels the gloom;  
 Oft' let my soul her fancy feed,  
 And with desirous rapture read;  
 Thy works Mæondes,—or thine,  
 Majestic Maro, bard divine!



With what immortal Milton wrote,  
Or Avon's bard, sublime of thought;  
'Till ravish'd with some golden theme,  
I slumber in poetic dream!

T H E

## P O E T ' s E L I Z I U M ,

A V I S I O N A R Y P O E M .

I.

S T I L L was the earth, and still th' æthereal plain,  
 Prospect involv'd in darkness fled the sight,  
 While nature yielded to the gloomy reign  
 Of Proserpine, black goddess of the night.  
 Then sleep dissolv'd in peace sad sorrows moan,  
 Then study, wrapt in thought, true pleasure found  
 alone.

II.

## II.

'Twas then thy works, great Maro, charm'd my  
soul,

While quiver'd thro' the gloom the taper's light ;  
Thy muse each low idea did controul,

And brought Elizium to my raptur'd sight.

And when o'erpowr'd with sleep, thy heav'nly  
theme,

By Morpheus was renew'd in a delightful dream.

## III.

Methought I wander'd in a dreary vale,

O'erspread with umbrage thick of lofty trees ;

Thro' whose dark shade the light could scarce  
prevail,

And scarcely could be felt the smallest breeze.

A riv'let mid' the vale did purling sound,

Save which, the horrid gloom a silence had pro-  
found.

## IV.

Scarce had I wond'ring cast my eyes around,

When sudden seem'd the scene to gather light ;

Bright beams of radiance shone upon the ground,

Refulgent glory made the valley bright.

And while amaz'd my soul was fill'd with fear,

An heav'nly female form descending did appear.

## V.

## V.

She seem'd a goddess of the heav'nly nine,  
 A mantle white as virgin snow she wore;  
 Her features with a lustre shone divine,  
 Enchar-ting smiles her looks benignant bore.  
 A wreath of bays her lofty temples crown'd,  
 Her left hand held a lyre, which sweetly she did  
 found.

## VI.

Loose did her spotless robe on æther flow,  
 From which elysian odours breath'd delight;  
 At last with solemn pace advancing slow,  
 On the soft ground she gently did alight.  
 Then the sweet music of the lyre she broke,  
 And thus, in terms divine, the blissful goddess  
 spoke.

## VII.

“ Know, mortal, from those blessed seats I come,  
 “ Where happy bards receive their high reward;  
 “ Where, after life, those poets find an home,  
 “ Whose praise on earth the worthless did re-  
 tard.  
 “ 'Tis I who point the path to deathless fame,  
 “ Belov'd by gods and men, Calliope my name.

## VIII.

## VIII.

" To you 'tis given those wond'rous scenes to  
     " know,  
     " Which from the most of mortals are conceal'd,  
 " Which Maro's pen sublime in part could shew,  
     " And which to you shall also be reveal'd.  
 " For this I left those happy seats of joy,  
 " Where spring eternal reigns, where pleasures  
     " never cloy."

## IX.

The goddesses ceas'd—while lowly to the ground,  
     Methought I prostrate fell and strove to speak;  
 When lo! my pow'rs in rapture lost profound,  
     'Twas vainly silence I essay'd to break.  
 And while my soul for speech could make no  
     room,  
 The goddess gracious, thus did her discourse re-  
     sume.

## X.

" Thy inmost thoughts I know—nor think the  
     pow'r  
     Of converse unrestrain'd—thou hast with me  
 While wrapt in chains of earthly flesh impure,  
     Thy spirit soars not from its prison free.

Nor



Nor canst thou follow me where I shall go,  
 Till thus I make thy soul its mortal bonds forego’.

## XI.

Scarce had she said—when from that purling brook  
 Which wander’d thro’ the bosom of the vale,  
 In her fair hand some chrystal drops she took,  
 Which thrice she sprinkl’d on my body frail.  
 And must’ring words in magic language strange,  
 Sudden methought my form did feel a wond’rous  
 change.

## XII.

As when bright Sol, in sultry summer, fires  
 The womb of nature with his potent rays,  
 Some grov’ling locust he with wings inspires,  
 Which strait upon its purple pinions plays.  
 Elated—conscious of the glorious change,  
 Thro’ fields of æther proud it then aspires to range.

## XIII.

So when the goddess us’d her potent charm,  
 My soul no more did pow’r of sense supply ;  
 The vital lamp no more my frame could warm,  
 And then methought I knew what ’tis to die.  
 Till sudden springing from its mortal tomb,  
 My joyful spirit sought new freed in air to roam.

## XIV.

## XIV.

Come let us rise—and leave this hateful place,  
 The goddess said—and took me by the hand,  
 When straight methought with a peculiar grace,  
 My wings newform'd I spread at her command.

No more embarrass'd but elate and gay,  
 With her thro' yielding air joyful I soar'd away.

## XV.

Then as sublime we cross'd th'ethereal plain,  
 Num'rous fair isles and kingdoms we survey'd,  
 Where wilchome Venus held her gentle reign,  
 Sweet Cyprus first beneath us was display'd.  
 But ah, no Paphos now can bless the sight,  
 From thence the Loves are fled, and ev'ry soft  
 delight !

## XVI.

Next o'er the thunderer's fav'rite isle we pass'd,  
 Imperial Crete, where Jove himself did reign,  
 Ah faded Isle, no more thy glories last,  
 No more an hundred cities make thee vain.  
 Barbarian hands thy temples have destroy'd,  
 And all thy beauties now dire ruin renders void.

## XVII.

## XVII

Then o'er th' Egean we pursu'd our way,  
 Whose fruitful bosom teems with verdant isles;  
 On whose white cliffs the Nine wou'd frequent  
     play,  
 Which once were favour'd with the muse's  
     smiles.  
 But now no lays enchanting charm us there,  
 While shrieks of woe, instead, torment the frightened  
     air.

## XVIII.

Where twining ivy crawls o'er marble fanes,  
 Where dreary ruins spread a solemn gloom;  
 There did we view sad Athens, thy remains,  
     And viewing mourn'd thy lamentable doom;  
 Near thee thy fav'rite bird remain'd alone,  
 And faithful, hov'ring o'er thy ruins made her  
     moan.

## XIX.

Where fair Bœotia's ample plains extend  
 Parnassus' heights at last appear'd in view,  
 Blest heights, which laurels ever green defend  
 From wintry storms, and verdure chilling dew;

No tainted blasts the sacred mount profane,  
 Each rude attempt the mine for ever rend'ring  
 vain.

## XX.

Near to the mountain's foot a grove of trees  
 Dispens'd from umbrage thick, a grateful  
 shade,  
 Whose leaves scarce trembl'd to the quiv'ring  
 breeze,  
 While birds amid their boughs soft music  
 made ;  
 " (Here said the muse) our tour in air shall end,  
 And here methought, on earth straitway we did  
 descend.

## XXI.

Fair alleys did the beauteous grove divide,  
 Border'd with rows of cypress trees and yew;  
 Grottoes and caves romantic grac'd each side ;  
 Round which the vine entwin'd with ivy grew.  
 Bright streams by tufts of moss in murmurs  
 play'd,  
 While flow'rs, their scented hucs, on each soft  
 bank display'd.

## XXII.

## XXII.

Charm'd at the sight of such a beauteous scene,  
 Enraptur'd to the goddess thus I cried,  
 " Sure here the muses choice abodes are seen;  
 And happy bards departed here reside.  
 For sure the nine their followers must invite,  
 With them in feats like those for ever to delight."

## XXIII.

I paus'd, and thus my heav'nly guide reply'd,  
 " Think not within the limits of those groves,  
 Or on yon' mount, the muses now reside  
 Rapine instead thro' all their verdure roves.  
 Base aliens \* having made a fatal prey,  
 Of those sweet seats, o'er which the muses once  
 had sway.

## XXIV.

Unhappy Greece!—by slav'ry vile enchain'd,  
 No longer now the nurse of heav'nly lays;  
 Since tyrants steal the fame she once maintain'd;  
 Delights no more to crown desert with praise.

\* *The Turks, to whom at present, all Greece is  
 subject.*



While freedom which with verse is ever blest,  
By happier regions, now far distant, is possess'd.

## XXV.

Sunk is that noble spirit which inspir'd  
Those famous worthies she contain'd of old ;  
No prize Olympian renders worth admir'd,  
And glory gone bright ardor waxes cold.  
Barbarian hands her ancient pride have broke,  
And now she quiet bends beneath the shameful  
yoke.

## XXVI.

When freedom fled—the nine departed too,  
And favour'd Greece no longer with their  
smiles ;  
Forsook their haunts on Hæmus' lofty brow,  
Their sacred fountains and their fav'rite isles ;  
And now they seldom visit mortal day,  
Save when to western climes perchance they bend  
their way.

## XXVII.

Beneath the surface of this earthly seat,  
Where other skies a brighter light extend ;  
The

The nine for ever fix their last retreat,  
 From thence alone thir mandates here they  
 fend.

There worthy poets meet a bright reward,  
 Crown'd with immortal bays, blest with the  
 nine's regard.

## XXVIII.

From earth to those blest seats a path descends,  
 For ever unperceiv'd by mortal Eye,  
 'Thro' yonder mount the darksome road extends,  
 And here I warn you e're we draw more nigh;  
 Let not those phantoms vain your fear excite,  
 Which on the lonesome way will skim before your  
 sight.

## XXIX.

Mark—never from my side a moment stray,  
 For various forms delusive will entice,  
 To lead you wand'ring from the surest way,  
 And some will seem to offer fair advice.  
 But ah let no deceit your steps allure,  
 To quit my side for there you are alone secure”

## XXX.

The goddess ceas'd—and soon methought we  
drew

To where th' extremest limits of the grove  
Display'd Parnassus, perfect to the view ;  
Whose brow appear'd above the clouds to rove.  
While one strait passage op'ning in its side,  
Seem'd in two equal parts the mountain to divide.

## XXXI.

Thro' here, resum'd the goddess, lies our way,  
A passage ever veil'd from human sight,  
Chear'd by no visits from the lightsome day ;  
Darkness involves it in eternal night :  
Save what false lights enchanting shades supply,  
To rob departed bards of wish'd for glory nigh.

## XXXII.

Scarce said the muse when with a sudden spring,  
Between the craggy rocks she forc'd her way,  
Then calling me to follow straitway in,  
Methought her orders swift I did obey.  
And rushing both within the shades of night,  
The chearful day we lost, and ev'ry fair delight.

## XXXIII.

## XXXIII.

Deep was the terror which my soul assail'd,  
 Soon as we enter'd on this gloomy road,  
 Such hideous hissings all around prevail'd;  
 Serpents seem'd here to fix their dire abode.  
 Not all those snakes, the furies might supply,  
 Methought could ere with this most horrid hissing  
 vie.

## XXXIV.

Dismay'd and wond'ring I address'd my guide,  
 But scarcely had begun to urge my fear,  
 When lo a drove of dismal forms I spy'd,  
 Seeming to us direct as drawing near.  
 From them methought the direful hissing came,  
 While high above their heads did soar a glim-  
 m'ring flame.

## XXXV.

Megre and wan the ghastly troop appear'd,  
 With palid visages half starv'd and thin,  
 Some spitting venom, most malicious sneer'd,  
 While others with their teeth did horrid grin.  
 But

But in one hideous hiss united all,  
 While lances, shap'd like pens, they brandish'd  
 dipt in gall.

## XXXVI:

When near they came, the muse contemptuous  
 smil'd,

At which this ghastly band was fore enrag'd;  
 No more with scoffs and hissings they revil'd,  
 Sudden instead with lances war they wag'd.  
 But all their rage methought prov'd weak and  
 vain,  
 Since not a dart they threw could ere afford us  
 pain !

## XXXVII.

Their utmost efforts finding we defy'd,  
 At last those unsuccessful foes withdrew ;  
 Yet as they fled they spit a pois'nous tide,  
 Which with their lances prov'd impotent too.  
 For how should poisons weak or darts annoy,  
 Those spirits pure whom death himself can ne'er  
 destroy ?

## XXXVIII.



## XXXVIII.

Soon as they fled, the muse I thus address'd,

“ Oh may thy servant goddess blest enquire,  
What were those forms which did our way mo-  
lest,

Why did they seek our harm with so much  
ire?

Such horrid shapes I ne'er beheld before,  
Nor ever did I hear so dismal an uproar.”

## XXXIX.

“ Those whom thou saw'st (replied the gracious  
muse,

Dwelt once on earth and then were *criticks*  
nam'd;

There fraught with ranc'rous hate they did  
abuse,

Each bard of merit and his works defam'd.  
Envious of worth they felt an impious joy,  
Rather than to befriend true genius—to destroy.

## XL.

For this the nine with justice pass'd their doom  
Involv'd in woe to dwell for ever here;

Where

Where now as heretofore amid the gloom,  
 They seek to fill the poet's soul with fear.  
 Who (if they fright him from the destin'd way,)  
 Far from Elysian joys must ever after stray."

## XLI.

More would the muse have said—but shades deform,  
 With horrid yelling 'gan to strike mine ear;  
 In shape of duns and catchpoles some did storm,  
 (Such as of old made Phillips quake with fear.)  
 There Famine rag'd--Dependance sullen frown'd,  
 While wild Despair did shake her dart and stalk  
 around.

## XLII.

But chief a buxom syren of deceit,  
 False Flattery chaunted her insidious lays;  
 Eager my footsteps from the path to cheat,  
 Her drunken cup she offer'd fill'd with praise.  
 Which had I tasted all my senses drown'd,  
 Had in vain glory's arms for ever slept profound.

## XLIII.

But still defended by my sacred guard,  
 Methought I brav'd the guile of all my foes;  
 Till

Till at the last in safety we repair'd,  
 To where Elizium's golden gates arose.  
 At her command the gates self-open'd flew,  
 And all the gloomy scenes evanish'd from my  
 view.

## XLIV.

Then what fair prospects rush'd upon my sight!  
 Bright cloudless skies wrapt in blue serene,  
 Unveil'd a landscape blooming with delight,  
 Scented with groves of never fading green.  
 Where blushing flow'rs and vegetable gold,  
 Sought thro' the leafy trees their beauties to un-  
 fold.

## XLV.

There on the margin of nectareous streams,  
 That thro' gay amaranthine flowrets crept,  
 Involved in transport of poetic dreams,  
 Some children of Apollo sweetly slept.  
 While others tun'd to varied lays their lyre,  
 And warbled as on earth the theme they lov'd to  
 fire.

## XLVI.

There gentle Ovid sung his am'rous strain,  
 There dove-ey'd Sappho tun'd her tender  
     moan ;  
 Mourning no more her love bestow'd in vain,  
 She found the youth (that once she fought) her  
     own.  
 To umber'd shades there frequent they retire,  
 And quench in mutual love the warmth of fond  
     desire.

## XLVII.

Encirc'd by the jocund sons of wine,  
 Anacreon sat—with blushing roses crown'd ;  
 Still as on earth, he quaff'd the juice divine,  
 His ev'ry care in tipsy revels drown'd.  
 Before the buxom bard in mazy dance,  
 A sportive fyren warm'd his soul with frequent  
     glance.

## XLVIII.

Beneath the shade of myrtle cover'd bow'rs,  
 Tibullus wander'd pensive all alone ;  
There

There Hammond with his Delia culling flow'rs,  
 Renew'd his tender elegiac moan !  
 While balmy zephyr whisp'ring thro' the grove,  
 To gentle echo breath'd each plaintive tale of  
 love.

## XLIX.

High on a mount of laurel vested green,  
 Whose summits with refulgent roses shone ;  
 Methought the muses 'mid a blooming scene,  
 Fix'd to eternity their lasting throne.  
 There each to lyre responsive lull'd the wind,  
 And with heroic lays in transport wrapt the mind.

## I.

Near to the nine methought those bards were  
 plac'd,  
 Who reap'd with epic strains the laurel'd  
 meed ;  
 Homer divine who fair Achaia grac'd,  
 And he who sweetly touch'd the Mantuan  
 reed.  
 There Milton tun'd with notes sublime his lyre,  
 And Tasso glow'd anew with bright romantic  
 fire.



## LI.

As nearer to the muse's seats we drew,  
 Celestial warblings charm'd the air around;  
 Sweeter than those the Thracian satyrs knew,  
 When Orpheus sooth'd them with his silver  
 found.  
 All instruments of cadence softly clear,  
 Methought in those sweet strains were join'd the  
 soul to chear.

## LII.

Eut ah not long those blissful sounds did last,  
 Not long those lovely prospects blest mine  
 eyes;  
 Shrill Chanticleer announc'd my vision past,  
 For crowing loud he bade the morn arise.  
 Starting I rais'd my head—the fairy theme,  
 Fled swift!—and strait I found the whole an emp-  
 ty dream!!

T H E

LASS OF SUMMER-HILL.

A BALLAD.

I.

**T**HE lark that proudly soars in air,  
On quiv'ring pinions born;  
That bids the golden morn prepare,  
All nature to adorn.  
Swells not its little vocal throat:  
With lays more sweet and shrill,  
Than does the girl that sways my thought;  
The lass of summer-hill.

H 2

II.

## II.

The diamond smit by Phæbus' beam,  
 That shines with dazling ray;  
 That teaches sable night to stream,  
 With counterfeited day.  
 Can equal not her brighter eyes,  
 Who makes my bosom thrill;  
 Who makes my heart her willing prize,  
 The lass of summer-hill.

## III.

The blushing rose begemm'd with dew,  
 In nature's scarlet dy'd;  
 The lilly sweet of spotless hue,  
 That blooms with silver pride.  
 When blended both in garlands gay,  
 By some young shepherd's skill;  
 Her cheeks more lovely hues display,  
 The lass of summer-hill.

## IV.

The swan with grand majestic neck,  
 That stems each crystal wave:

Whose

Whose form the silver plumes bedeck,  
 Which oft' it loves to lave.  
 Its breast in softness never vies,  
 With her's I doat on still;  
 Near her's—all snow white fairness dies,  
 The last of summer-hill..

## V.

The vi'let blue that scents the meads,  
 That sweetens ev'ry gale;  
 Her balmy breath its scent exceeds,  
 Her lips make coral pale.  
 But when her nut brown locks I twine,  
 And with fresh roses fill:  
 Her air like Venus is divine,  
 The last of summer-hill.

## S O N N E T

MY love, with thy enchanting presence blest,  
 To tread New Zealand's wastes I would not  
 fear,

O'er plains that never human foot confess,  
 Where silence reigns, and desolation drear;  
 There wand'ring, I should scorn to heave a sigh,  
 For what is solitude if thou be nigh?

## II.

Was fate in savage lands to fix my lot,  
 To bind me as a slave in Turkish chains;  
 One look from thee, could make my woes for-  
 got,

One smile of thine, could banish all my pains!  
 My



My soul no more at bondage should recoil,  
 But chearful I would hug my load of toil.

### III.

Place me where sunburnt Afric's sandy plains,  
     Crackle with heat,—where zephyr never  
     blows;  
 Place me where winter's icy chilneſs reigns,  
     Where Lapland hills lie hid in trackleſs ſnows;  
 Each climate ſhould alike by me be bleſt,  
 So I could claſp thee to my faithful breaſt!

S O N G.

T H E

DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

**F**AREWELL joy and farewell pleasure,  
Since I'm scorn'd by her I love;  
Welcome sadness without measure,  
Only dire despair I'll prove.

II.

Eccho from her caves and mountains,  
Now shall answer to my moan;

Gloomy

Gloomy woods and silver fountains,  
 Now shall hear me sigh alone.

### III.

Awful pow'r of melancholy,  
 Pensive—at thy shrine I bow;  
 Hear me term all pleasures folly,  
 See me bid the world adieu!

O D E

*Sacred to the patriotic Virtues of*

COLONEL SHARMAN.

I.

O F old when freedom strove in vain,  
Her sacred mansion to maintain ;  
Unsoil'd in Roman hearts,  
Whilst by corruptive slav'ry sway'd,  
The bright Hesperian flame decay'd.  
A prey to Cæsar's arts.

## II.

Then did indignant Cato fly,  
 To where the sunburnt Lybian sky  
     The womb of nature fir'd;  
 While Cæsar public virtue sold,  
 Despising to be bought with gold;  
 The God like man retir'd.

## III.

Bright wisdom of majestic mien,  
 Calm fortitude of brow serene:  
     His fleeting steps pursu'd,  
 Sweet inmate conscience ever pure,  
 Still blest with peace each lonely hour;  
     Still chear'd his solitude.

## IV.

So now whilst venal arts entice,  
 Ierne's sons to yield to vice,  
     By Mammon bought and sold,  
 The noble Sharman bids adieu,  
 To Pitt's corrupted helot crew  
     Who barter all for gold.



## V.

Spurning at vice in folly's guise,  
 To Moira's sweet retreat he flies,  
     Each grace his steps attend ;  
 But chief bright liberty delights,  
 To bless the man who loves her rites,  
     His country's surest friend.

## VI.

His gen'rous soul still ever nigh,  
 To wipe the tear from sorrow's eye ;  
     To cheer the wretched heart,  
 The drooping babe, the peasant poor,  
 The woe-worn matron seek his door,  
     To all he gives a part.

## VII.

Blest man !—Oh rise our Isle to guard,  
 Yet let Ierne's voice be heard  
     Dispell her anxious fears ;  
 Defend, defend, thy native land,  
 When slav'ry threats—still head the band  
     Of glorious Volunteers.

## VIII.

On Freedom's tablet wrote in gold,  
So shall thy glory firm enroll'd,  
To distant ages shine,  
With Cato's, Decius's, shall thy name  
Be eccho'd thro' the trump of fame,  
Sharman, the man divine.

O D E

*Inscribed to the AUTHOR'S MOTHER.*

I.

SAY tender partner of my piercing woes,  
Dear, ever honour'd Auth'ress of my birth;  
Whose heart too frequent fill'd with painful  
throes,

On my account is seldom us'd to mirth.  
Say why when all false hearted friends are gone,  
Do you alone regard your poor ill fated son?

II.

## II.

Say when with riches and the sweets of peace,  
 Your ev'ry want might well have been sup-  
 ply'd,  
 Why did you turn aside from wealth and ease;  
 Why were those precious gifts by you deny'd?  
 While rather than enjoy them far from me,  
 You chose to share my woes involv'd in penury.

## III.

'Twas sure because your spirit could disdain,  
 Those gilded baits which venal souls ensnare,  
 You rather chose to act aright with pain,  
 Than live tho' rich a slave to pride and vice.  
 For this you fled with your ill fated son,  
 To save with kind advice his virtues near un-  
 done.

## IV.

To cheer in want my poor desponding heart,  
 In sickness to support my drooping head,  
 In straits a real friend to share a part,  
 In health a scanty meal with joy to spread.

Those cares you chose—instead of fading toys,  
And you for those at last will reap immortal  
joys.

## V.

Here too on earth some blessings you may prove,  
For virtue can the place of wealth supply ;  
Blest with my grateful thanks and duteous love :  
Your age on my fond care may safe rely.  
And if kind providence should bless my ways,  
Your latter shall outshine by far your earlier  
days.

## VI.

But can I e'er for learning you repay,  
Which aids the muse to chear my lonesome  
hours,  
The muse that makes gaunt penury look gay ;  
That fires to extacy my drooping pow'rs.  
Blest parent ! that so wisely could provide,  
For that which comforts me whatever ills betide.



## VII.

Spirits divine ! Protectors of the just,  
 For this and ev'ry gift my parent guard ;  
 To your strict care her footsteps I entrust :  
 Oh guide her safely to a bright reward,  
 Where sad affliction can no longer sway,  
 But where all woes are lost in everlasting day !

A PARAPHRASE *of Part of the 34th Chap. of*  
 ISALAH, *from Verse 10th to Verse 16th.*

**T**HUS did Isaiah seer divine foretell,  
 The woes which on ill fated Edom fell.  
 ‘ For ever waste shall lie the barren soil,  
 Uncultur’d by the useful hand of toil:  
 None through the dreary land shall ever stray,  
 Possess’d by savage birds and beasts of prey.  
 There shall the cormorant, the bittern howl,  
 And there the raven with the boding owl;  
 God shall disperse confusion o’er the ground,  
 And strew the stones of emptiness around!  
 Princes no longer there shall sway maintain,  
 But hideous saty’rs o’er the waste shall reign.  
 In mock’ry each shall to his fellow call,  
 “ Haste dukes of Edom! grace your regal hall!  
 But no proud duke an answer shall return,  
 Each chang’d to nothing in his silent urn!

The

The palace drear no tapstries shall adorn,  
 O'errun with brambles and the prickly thorn.  
 Nettles shall twine around the courts the fanes,  
 Mocking the pride of princes and their pains.  
 'Those rooms which once with festive joys were  
     blest,

In them the dragon dire shall build and rest;  
 In them the lazy owl shall build her nest.  
 There shall the monsters of the desert meet,  
 Making the sad abode their choice retreat.  
 Satyrs shall there in awkward dancing vie,  
 And greet each other with a doleful cry;  
 But chief the solitary birds of night,  
 Shall to this lonesome desert urge their flight.  
 There shall the owl in quiet breed and lay,  
 There the broad shadow of her wings display;  
 Screening her offspring from the face of day.  
 The Vulture there shall fix her lasting home,  
 And never from the well beloved mansion roam!

T H E

FAIR SUPPLICANT.

**H**ARD blows the wind, and chill the night  
dews fall,

While o'er the desart heath I walk with pain,  
Ah scorn not mortal my distressful call,  
Nor let a wretch implore thy aid in vain.

See those sweet babes that to my bosom cling,  
With artless innocence they join my cry;  
Ah gentle stranger from thy pocket fling,  
Some trifling gift to comfort misery!

Though

Though now in tatter'd garb I wander here,  
 A friendless fugitive without an home ;  
 My life with fortune's gifts I once could chear,  
 And own'd a plenteous board a costly dome.

But pois'nous flatt'ry with cruel aim,  
 Soon found the means my happiness to wound,  
 And having tarnish'd once my spotless fame,  
 Taught my sad days with sorrow to abound.

A faithless swain seduc'd my virgin heart  
 To separate from innocence and peace ;  
 First lur'd me from an aged sire to part,  
 Then quickly caus'd my joys of life to cease.

For soon deserting my neglected charms  
 He left me thus in poverty to pine,  
 Round those poor babes to fold my shiv'ring arms,  
 And on the earth with anguish to recline.

Oft, oft I feel the bitter taunts of scorn,  
 Oft vainly sue to pride that starts at woe,  
 Oft with my sorrows swell the winds forlorn,  
 Nor where to find a morning's breakfast know.



See those sweet babes that to my bosom cling,  
 With artless innocence they join my cry;  
 Ah gentle stranger from thy pocket fling,  
 Some trifling gift to comfort misery !

## AN ADDRESS to the SEASONS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

## PART I.

## SPRING.

**H**AIL, nymph in verdant vest array'd,  
 With snow drops crown'd and violet blue ;  
 Fair spring thy lovely pencil take,  
 Paint nature's sweetest scenes all o'er.  
 Smit by thy soft dissolving breath,  
 The clouds that wait on winter pale ;  
 In conscious silence steal away,  
 And show the azure vault unveil.

White

While each proud hill and valley meek,  
     Shakes off its ice encrusted chain ;  
 And smiles in living green bedeck't,  
     The favour'd liv'ry of thy reign.  
 Oh may I love to cull thy sweets,  
     The daffodil, the primrose pale ;  
 Still joy to snuff reviving scents,  
     When hawthorn blossoms fill each gale.  
 To tread the daisy pictur'd mead,  
     To hear the cuckow's chearing note ;  
 And see the swallow skim her flight :  
     By thee from distant regions brought.  
 By thee reviv'd the finny race,  
     Gleam thro' the wave in speckl'd pride,  
 Nor see the angler mark their sport :  
     Who stems with guileful wand the tide.  
 To thee the garden's pride belongs,  
     Where in full trim thy flowrets bloom,  
 Where quiv'ring Zephyr softly steals :  
     From budding roses rich perfume.  
 Chear'd by the flame that marks thy reign,  
     The joyous birds in ev'ry grove ;  
 Enraptur'd chaunt their am'rous lays :  
     And taste the blissful sweets of love.

Whi

While oft at eve beneath some tree,  
 The shepherd tells his tender tale,  
 The lass forgets her spotted cow,  
 And lets the God of love prevail.  
 Thee nymph the village rustics hail,  
 When round the may-pole glad they dance,  
 When crown'd with flow'ry garlands all,  
 'Mid shouts of joy their steps advance.  
 Fair Spring!—with them my muse shall sing,  
 Thy praise oft as thy reign I prove;  
 For ah, what season can excite,  
 Like thine the voice of joy and love?

## P A R T II.

## S U M M E R.

**B**Y Phœbus clad in saffron robe,  
 With jessamines and roses crown'd;  
 Say lovely summer shall my muse,  
 The beauties of thy reign resound?  
 Yes—while the face of nature glows,  
 Compress'd by thy meridian heats,  
 Let me forsake each open scene,  
 And court the wood nymphs cool retreats.  
 There in the shady grove's recess,  
 Where softly trills some silver stream,  
 With joy the rural lute I'll tune,  
 And make thy splendid charms my theme.

Lo,

Lo, how the songsters of the grove,  
 With ceaseless music charm the air,  
 Nor less alive the insect tribe,  
 In milder notes thy praise declare.  
 In search of flow'ry sweets the bee,  
 Thro' æther hums her drowsy way,  
 While frisking grasshoppers delight,  
 Their hoarser music to display.  
 Sweet is the essence of thy breath,  
 Bright nymph that from yon mead exhales,  
 Where rustics toss the nut-brown hay,  
 Where laughter loving mirth prevails.  
 The simple joke, the rural song,  
 There makes the nymph, the shepherd vain,  
 There as the glance of love goes round,  
 The golden age revives again.  
 Now flying from thy sultry heats,  
 The schoolboy stems the chrystal waves,  
 Braving the river's inmost haunts,  
 He frights the Naiads from their caves.  
 But ah, what pencil can describe,  
 Each charm that Daphne's steps attends.  
 When far retir'd from lawless gaze  
 To tempt the stream the siren bends,  
 Not Venus self (when from the sea,  
 At first her beauteous form arose)



Could with such transport fire the soul,  
 Or more enchanting charms disclose.—  
 Yet not alone those smiling scenes,  
 Oh summer deck thy sultry reign;  
 Love oft with joy forsakes thy steps,  
 While horror wanders in thy train!  
 When hur'd impetuous from the skies,  
 Thro' æther darts the light'ning's ray,  
 When thunders on the whirlwind roll,  
 And startle mortals with dismay,  
 Then let me quit each trifling scene,  
 And NATURE'S GOD with wonder own,  
 Adoring view his works sublime,  
 While Atheists tremble at his frown.

## P A R T III.

## A U T U M N.

**M**ILD umber vested Autumn come,  
 With poppies bright thy locks entwine,  
 Pomona thy approach awaits,  
 And Ceres with her gifts divine.  
 Haste queen of contemplative thought,  
 Disperse hot Summer's parching train,  
 Let Plenty from her fruitful urn,  
 With yellow harvests deck thy reign,  
 Oh when fair morn with pearly steps,  
 Arises blushing in the east,  
 Sweet season let me oft delight,  
 With thy bright charms my soul to feast.

What joy to range the mountain's brow,  
 And view thy chearing scenes below,  
 Where vegetable billows wave,  
 And vales with golden splendor glow.  
 Then when with sickles arm'd the band,  
 Of reapers in due train advance,  
 What joy to aid their rustie toil,  
 To tune the pipe or join the dance.  
 And when dim eve forwarns the throng,  
 Homeward with mirthful steps to roam,  
 What joy to push the cup around,  
 To join the village HARVEST HOME !  
 Blest scenes like these of rural joy,  
 Dear be ye ever to my soul !  
 Ah who would quit your pleasing charms,  
 For those which pomp or wealth controul ?  
 Oft Autumn when thy stubbles lead,  
 The partridge to his sweet repasts,  
 While skilful spaniels mark their prey,  
 The gunner his destruction hastes.  
 And oft when Phœbus gilds the skies,  
 With chearing sounds the vallies ring,  
 While fleet as wind the dappled hounds,  
 Across each plain transported spring.

With

With swiftness flies the timid hare,  
 Short and more short she pants for breath;  
 Till her pursuers close her round,  
 And the shrill horn bespeaks her death.  
 But leaving those discordant sports,  
 Amid thy woods oft let me stray;  
 While yellow leaves around me fall;  
 Sure omen of bleak winters sway.  
 Or if more lively scenes should please,  
 To the rich orchard let me haste,  
 Where luscious fruits enchant the eye,  
 And court with varied sweets the taste.  
 There as I feast upon their charms,  
 I'll joy bright Autumn in thy stores,  
 And whilst they bless Ierne's isle,  
 Contemn the fruits of richer shores.

## P A R T IV.

## W I N T E R.

**W**ITH hollies green and ivy crown'd,  
 Clad in a robe of spotless white,  
 Come winter let me sing of thee,  
 Whose scenes sublimely charm the sight  
 Come, and when ev'ry mountain top,  
 Lies hid in flakes of silver grain,  
 When the rude storm discordant raves;  
 And desolation marks thy reign.  
 From some lorn abbey's tow'ring height,  
 While pale ey'd Cynthia gleams around;  
 Oft let me hear thy awful voice,  
 And pensive listen to the sound.



Or when the morn from shadowy clouds,  
 Faintly bestrews the east with light,  
 Let me behold thy virgin snows,  
 In stillness fall before my sight.  
 First view them tip the lofty hills,  
 Then on the leafless trees descend;  
 Till on the desert heath they fall,  
 Or with the stream their softness blend.  
 Oft from the river's willowy brink,  
 By thee in icy fetters bound,  
 Let me behold the healthy youth,  
 Skaiting its glassy surface round.  
 Then to the farmer's corn-yard stray,  
 Where smit by cold the plummy race  
 Sadly in mournful notes complain,  
 And pick the straws with cautious pace.  
 But should the harmless red-breast chance  
 To droop amid the little throng,  
 Strait in my breast with pity warm'd;  
 I'd bear it to my home along.  
 And winter whilst thy tempests howl'd,  
 A lodger it should rest with me,  
 Crumbs from my board and water clear,  
 Its stated nourishment should be.—  
 'Thus let me frequent pass my time,  
 But when the fiercer storms descend;

When



When rains and hail tumultuous beat,  
 And boist'rous winds the forest rend,  
 Then let me love the genial hearth,  
 To joy and social friendship dear,  
 While Bacchus with his mirthful train,  
 Conduce the shiv'ring soul to chear.  
 Then let the fuel blaze on high,  
 So artificial suns may shine :  
 And winter's chilling tempests yield,  
 To embers bright and rosy wine !

EDGAR AND MATILDA.

A BALLAD.

I.

- “ BENIGHTED stranger, say what cause  
“ Could tempt thy wand’ring feet  
“ To visit this sequestr’d vale,  
“ Lorn solitude’s retreat ?

II.

- “ None love to stray those wilds among  
“ To whom the world is dear ;  
“ Religion with her solemn train,  
“ Alone seek pleasure here.

III.

III.

- “ And sure thy age and habit speak,  
“ Such pleasure is not thine;  
“ For blooming youths in warlike dress,  
“ Court not the pale ey’d shrine.”

IV.

- “ Thy pardon, holy fire, bestow,”  
(Returns the modest youth,)  
“ Nor think with rude design I tread  
“ The haunts of peace and truth.

V.

- “ For tho’ ’mid those monastic seats,  
“ A stranger now I roam,  
“ In the lorn bosom of this vale  
“ Sometime since was my home.

VI.

- “ And frequent ’mid those shady walks  
“ I’ve spent the pleasing day;  
“ Or up yon misty mountains side  
“ With transport lov’d to stray.

VII.

VII.

- “ But urg’d by unpropitious fate,  
“ To join the foreign war;  
“ For ten long years I’ve death defy’d,  
“ With such as nobly dare.

VIII.

- “ And now with eager steps I haste,  
“ Where stealing on the sight;  
“ Yon cottage from its milk white walls,  
“ Reflects pale Cynthia’s light.

IX.

- “ Ah gentle father, do you know,  
“ The tenants of that place;  
“ Still live they both in perfect health,  
“ To crown my strict embrace?

X.

- “ The sweetest lilly of the vale,  
“ Blooms not with fairer charms  
“ Than the bright nymph that owns you cot,  
“ Whose form my soul alarms.

XI.

- “ There with her hoary headed fire,  
“ Hope tells me she remains;

L

“ And

“ And all I crave is certain truth,  
“ To quell my anxious pains.”

XII.

Here ceas'd the youth—the holy sage,  
With accents mild reply'd ;  
“ I know not son the gentle pair,  
“ That in yon cot reside.

XIII.

“ Not long within those sacred walls,  
“ A lodger I have been ;  
“ Not long have sought for those lone cells,  
“ To change life's chequer'd scene.

XIV.

“ But see where down yon church way path,  
“ Funereal pomp draws nigh,  
“ Some of the mournful train may chance  
“ To give the wish'd reply.”

XV.

Scarce said the sage, when from the church,  
The death bell heaving slow ;  
With solemn pace the train advanc'd,  
Each bosom throb'd with woe.

XVI.

The pall with snow-white ribbands deck'd,  
A virgin corse bespoke ;

While



While village nymphs in spotless robes  
Mourn'd death's untimely stroke.

## XVII.

Straight Edgar (so the youth was call'd,)   
Approach'd the fun'ral throng;  
" And pray to what fair nymph (he cried,)   
" Do those sad rites belong ?"

## XVIII.

But ah, how sunk his flutt'ring heart,  
How wax'd his features pale;  
When from the croud a voice reply'd,  
" Matilda of the vale !"

## XIX.

Down drop'd the youth, his golden locks  
Mix'd with the grass-green dew;  
A clay cold chillness seiz'd his form,  
And veil'd his eyes so blue.

## XX.

" And is she gone ! my long sought love !"  
In accents weak he cry'd:  
The words scarce quiver'd on his lips,  
He bow'd to fate and dy'd !



## T H E

## PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

## A P O E M.

**T**HOU that in Greenland's desolated wastes,  
 Where horror on unceasing winter smiles,  
 Or where amid the vast Pacific deep,  
 Unnumber'd isles lie scorch'd by Phœbus' rays,  
 Canst make the native with his lot content !  
 Thou that in more enlighten'd lands canst teach  
 The sons of art and industry to love  
 Thy choicest blessings, and thy gifts to prize ;  
 Immortal Patroness of heart felt bliss,  
 Parent of plenty and unfading joy ;  
 Bright LIBERTY, accept my votive strains,  
 That dare thy recent progress to proclaim.

Fir'd by the theme, my muse on Fancy's wing  
 Upborne—to Trans-Atlantic regions takes  
 Her willing flight, and on thy triumphs there,  
 Expatiates with wonder and with joy !  
 There what a glorious prospect charms her sight !  
 Where heretofore no other voice was heard,

But

Eat that of savages, whose madning voice  
 Scream'd the dire warhoop to the frightened air,  
 And doom'd their wretched slaves in battle won,  
 To horrid tortures and inhuman feasts:  
 Now Freedom civiliz'd thy voice is heard,  
 Which charms a mighty continent with laws  
 Of justice, mild humanity and peace.—  
 Methinks on Delaware's delightful banks,  
 Where amiable Penn's fair city stands;  
 I view the congress of thy new made states,  
 Debate with wisdom, and with wisdom act.  
 From the blest countries that support their sway,  
 Vile slavery with her detested brood,  
 Of feudal laws and briberies corrupt,  
 Fly—and the EQUAL RIGHTS OF MAN prevail!  
 Oh may they evermore prevail—and spread,  
 Freedom, thy genial influence o'er lands  
 Benighted long in ignorance involv'd;  
 Till Mississippi's solitary isles,  
 Rejoice with all thy varied blessings crown'd,  
 And ev'ry savage Indian resigns,  
 His tyrant chieftan for thy equal sway.—

But not alone to Trans-Atlantic climes,  
 Bright Liberty thy progress is confin'd;  
 In Europe too the long expected morn  
 Of universal freedom dares to dawn.

Hark!—where black slavery's adamantine gates  
 Leap from their hinges at thy magic touch;  
 While all the horrors of the dire BASTILE,  
 Reveal'd to day appall the shudd'ring sight!  
 Engines of torture, hell invented racks,  
 And all the trophies of despotic sway,  
 Thy darling sons destroy with honest scorn;  
 And tearing from its base the curs'd abode,  
 Leave not a wreck to tell succeeding time,  
 Where the shame stood of Bourbon's tyrant race.  
 But Europe yet affords a nobler scene,  
 Than even this to glorify thy name,  
 Immortal Freedom to the end of time.

The grand procession crowds the CHAMP DE  
 MARS,

Thousands on thousands swell thy joyful train,  
 Unnumber'd banners wanton in the air,  
 Melodious instruments of music play.  
 And carol anthems of extatic joy;  
 Whilst a wise king by patriot subjects taught,  
 Disdains to aid the tyrant, and performs  
 An oath of fealty to the RIGHTS OF MAN!  
 Thrice happy Frenchmen, in your rulers blest,  
 Blest by bright Freedom's choice prerogatives,  
 How different far are those enchanting scenes;  
 (Which make the lowliest of fortune's sons

Rejoice

Rejoice with conscious dignity of soul,)
 From such as wrapt your lovely realm of old,  
 In Gothic ignorance and slavish bonds;  
 When your souls trembled at your tyrants frowns,  
 Condemn'd in gaudy courts to please their lusts  
 With vile hypocrisy, for them alone  
 To prune the vine or reap the waving corn;  
 While a proud Hi'rarchy a nation's scourge,  
 Leagu'd with a band of nobles basely tore,  
 Each untouch'd morsel from your famish'd lips;  
 Diffusing penury and wild despair,  
 O'er ev'ry province of your beauteous land.  
 Such was your pristine lot! when life was worse  
 Than death—of ev'ry solid joy bereft!  
 And who desires such scenes should be reviv'd?  
 Who—but the friends of arbitrary pow'r,  
 Foes to the inborn rights of GODLIKE MAN,  
 Such as a BURKE that with malignant aim,  
 Employs his pen in foul corruption's cause!  
 Let such base hypocrites that lick the dust,  
 Which tyrants tread on—let such fawning slaves,  
 Know, that mankind abhors the laws they teach;  
 Let them far rather vers'd in slavish art,  
 Go howl their tenets to the desert air,  
 Where Lybian Lions can command alone:  
 There let them soothe—there flatter beasts of prey,  
 No



No other tyrants soon shall rule on earth !—  
 For lo—the sun of freedom rising high,  
 Gradual the mists of error shall dispurse,  
 And human tyrants shudder at his sight:  
 Till the remotest corners of the globe  
 Shall smile, compress'd by his all cheering beams.

But whither wanders my enchanted muse?  
 No more let distant scenes her lays employ,  
 When objects dearer far attract at home;  
 When this small gem that crowns old ocean's brow,  
 This precious island fair IERNE teems,  
 With scenes tho' not so wonderful and great  
 As those of other lands, are not less fit,  
 To be enroll'd in fame's eternal list.—  
 Long had Hibernia's hapless children mourn'd,  
 Beneath the yoke which foreign lords impos'd;  
 Her commerce by vindictive statutes check'd,  
 Her senators oblig'd to frame her laws  
 At the sole pleasure of a sister's will;  
 Whilst when rough war expell'd her sons abroad,  
 Unguarded by the thankless pow'r she fed,  
 Her land was left expos'd to foreign foes,  
 That with resistless rage might soon have spread  
 The horrors of destruction o'er her soil.  
 Had not a godlike—an immortal few,  
 Whose bosoms glow'd with patriotic fire,

A band

A band of VOLUNTEERS IN FREEDOM'S CAUSE  
 Arose, the SAVIOURS of an hapless land.  
 Shock'd at their sight, injustice shudd'ring fled,  
 Whilst fell corruption with her harpy mate,  
 Oppression, spread their baleful wings and fought  
 Black Erebus, from whence at first they sprang!

Soon thro' the efforts of this glorious band,  
 Ierne's vessels stem'd the main uncurb'd;  
 Her senate independant rights acquir'd,  
 And LIBERTY thy *progress* blest began.  
 Which since by just gradation hath advanc'd,  
 As late we prov'd, when an imperious lord,  
 A venal Viceroy, surly and perverse,  
 Sought to obstruct our Senatorial rights:  
 But fought in vain, whilst fair Ierne paid  
 Due homage to the REGENT of her choice.  
 Nor less did old Eblana's sons of late  
 Thy genial influence bright Freedom feel,  
 When to maintain the PRÆTOR they had chose,  
 They made the vile perverters of the laws,  
 Though high in office shrink abash'd with shame,  
 Whilst justice prov'd triumphant o'er her foes!

Thus far hath Liberty's bright progress spread  
 O'er this imperial isle, but yet far more  
 Remains to be accomplish'd by her sons:  
 For still the blood of soft humanity



Runs chill to view an Irish peasant's lot.  
 Where on the outstretch'd heath or on the bourn  
 Of the damp lake, a miserable race  
 Of wretched victims to calamity,  
 Taste all their lives the bitterness of want—  
 No habitation fit to shelter man,  
 Falls to their share—a clay constructed hut,  
 Which boasts no window to admit the dawn,  
 Wraps them in solitude and pierceless shades;  
 Where to the chilling tempests they complain,  
 On the straw couch each long long winter's night,  
 Till morn approaches, when with wild despair,  
 They wake—and by gaunt famine sore oppress'd,  
 Snatch from the earth in haste the wat'ry yam,  
 Their sole support throughout the annual round!  
 Poor Wretches!—miserable is your lot!  
 Not worse the Caffre fares, or the rough Boor,  
 That wanders o'er the heaths of Labrador;  
 For he has meat and liberty to boast.  
 But you are doom'd forsaken by your lords,  
 (The nominal possessors of your soil,)  
 To struggle with their delegated slaves,  
 Who joy to fill the measure of your woes,  
 You too have tyrants of another cast,  
 To groan beneath, who feed their luscious tastes,  
 At your expence—who revel in soft ease,  
Supported

Supported by your daily toil alone,  
 An Hierarchy unfeeling, that disrobes  
 Your small potatoe plats for precious **TYTHES** !

And is there no kind intervening hand,  
 Will wave oppression's rough descending strokes,  
 From falling farther on your hapless heads ?  
 Yes, in a patriot band you still may trust,  
 Who tho' they oft have fail'd in your behalf,  
 Through perseverance yet may set you free !—  
 Oh happy time approach that crowns this isle,  
 With *perfect* and *substantial* liberty :  
 So wheresoe'er the hapless bard shall be,  
 That Freedom's dawn with weak attempt proclaims  
 That now records the peasant's piteous woes,  
 If poverty be still decreed his lot ;  
 Whether beneath the scorching line he pants,  
 Or mid fair Gallia's rich vine-yards strays,  
 Or through American Savannahs sweet  
 Ranges, with freedom constant by his side ;  
 The pleasing thought may frequent cheer his breast,  
 That fair **HIBERNIA** with **HIMSELF** is **FREE** !

## ERRATA:

*Page 2d, line 13—for trace read truce*

— 23 — 11—for no read on

— 53 — 23—for Mœondes read Mœonides

— 71 — 6—for wrapt read enwrapt

— 73 — 8—for asting read lasting

— 75 — 2—for born read borne

*N B. Inverted commas are placed at the beginning and ending of several lines, Vide Page 11 and 12—where there should be none inserted.*

